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From Publisher —to You

This issue has been termed by those who have known of its coming, the New Outlook. Its content and appearance is an indication of the distance and direction The Outlook has traveled editorially within recent months.

Terrible indeed has been the effect of this journey on some of our tried and true friends. Our daily mail has brought criticisms involving our methods, motives, and morals. But for every such letter, we have made many new friends who sustain us in our efforts to present independently and fairly, and as we see it, the world of politics, literature, science, and philosophy.

Professor Richards of Dartmouth made a speech in Chicago last week in which he stated that the aim of the modern American college was to "Furnish the nation with a class whose intellectual machinery runs from its own motive power." Said he, "It is an asset to the community if a considerable element in it is in the habit of making up their minds upon controverted questions on a surer basis than personal prejudice, snap judgment, or supine yielding to a well-organized propaganda."

The Outlook is being edited for precisely this element. It assumes that its readers do their own thinking and want facts and opinions that will be of assistance to them. It believes in no political party as the saviour of the nation, or even the producer of prosperity. It views political parties as the servants of the public and the agents of those of us who desire social problems solved by political action. It aims to present in as unprejudiced a manner as possible all the facts it can ascertain which have any bearing on the problems in which modern society is vitally interested—and to state its own conclusions as a matter of common honesty; not propaganda.

Such a journal is religious in the highest sense of that word. A spokesman for any party or creed, it is not.

We hope our new dress—for which we make our bow to N. W. Ayer and Son, of Philadelphia—will please our readers as much as it does us.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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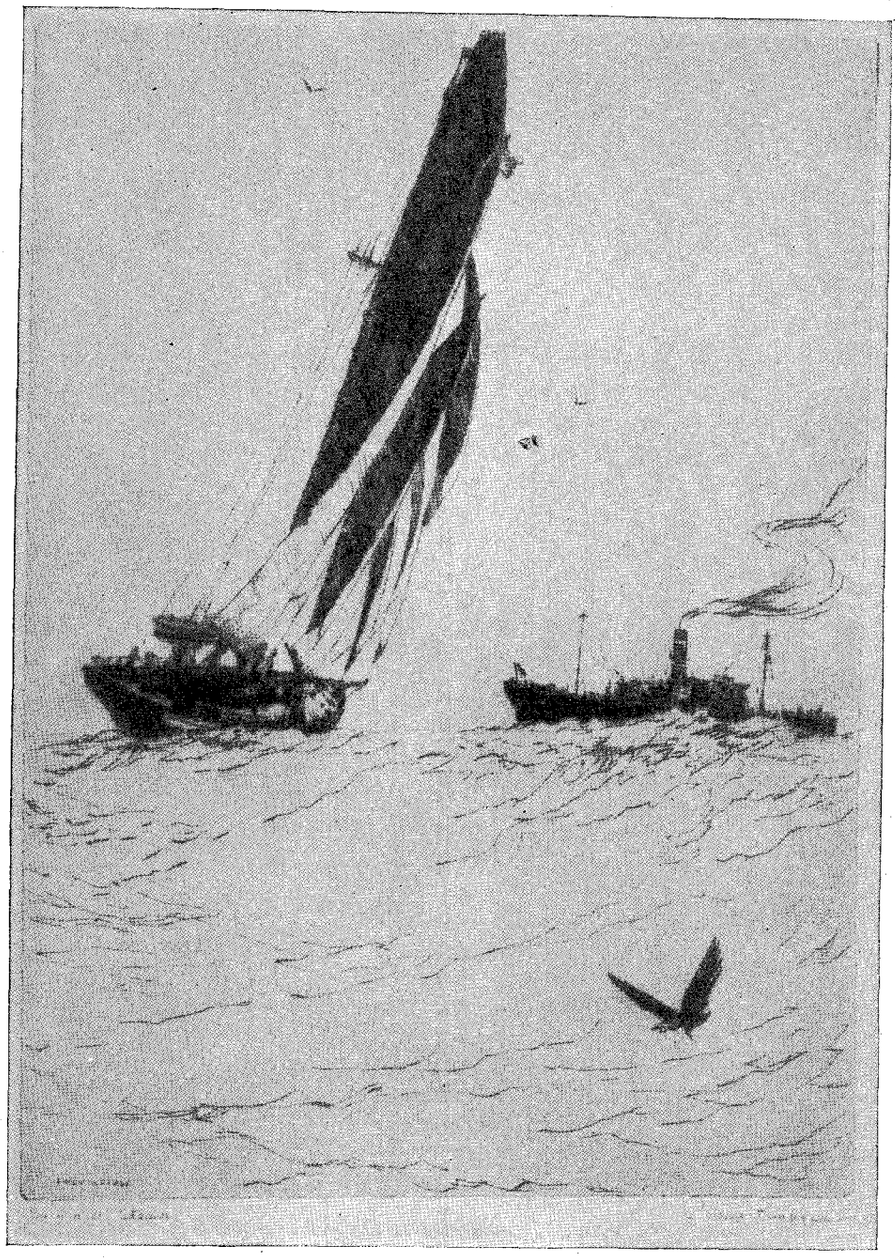

SAIL AND STEAM

Dry-point by Philip Kappel

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The Outlook

August 22, 1928

John J. Raskob

A Portrait

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

One of the several bold moves that followed Governor Smith's nomination, and quickened interest in his candidacy, was his choice of the chairman of the Finance Committee of General Motors as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Governor Smith's reasons for asking him to serve and Mr. Raskob's for accepting have been well aired. This sketch by Mr. Pringle gives a good idea of what Mr. Raskob himself is like.

IT may, perhaps, have been exposure to the intoxicating air of Maryland Free State—he is married to a Maryland lady and has a farm within its boundaries—which causes John J. Raskob, newly elected chairman of the Democratic National Committee, to be something of a non-conformist. Long years ago, so long ago that by now the incident has been forgotten, Maryland refused to bow to the mandates of William H. Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League and sent that worthy to his ultimate doom in New York. When prohibition finally arrived, the state declined to pass a local enforcement measure. It has enacted a minimum number of other laws infringing upon the liberties of man and it shelters, in the city of Baltimore, America's arch protestant, H. L. Mencken.

Without some such contaminating influence, it would seem logical to suppose, Mr. Raskob would be as safe, as sane and as Republican as Mr. Andrew Mellon or Mr. William M. Butler, the Massachusetts mentor to Mr. Coolidge. For he is very definitely in the big money class. His personal fortune is said to reach the staggering total of $100,000,000. He was, until sudden entry into politics made it necessary for him to resign, chairman of the Finance Committee of General Motors and a member of its executive committee. He is a vice-president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and a director of numerous other great corporations. He is a heavy stockholder in General Motors, the United States Steel Corporation and many additional companies. In addition to his farm in Maryland he owns a baronial estate near Wilmington, Delaware, and maintains a residence in New York. He belongs to many of the better clubs and is listed in the current Who's Who as a Republican.

Yet here he is serving as chairman of a campaign committee which seeks to place Alfred E. Smith, a Tammany Hall graduate from the East Side of New York, in the White House. Not only that, but Raskob is advocating modification of the prohibition law. Most terrible of all heresies, he has suggested that the East does not fully understand the farm equalization fee; that it is "a very much abused and misunderstood term." Even Governor Smith rejects the fee and Mr. Coolidge, for whom Raskob voted in 1924, wore out a thesaurus finding adjectives bitter enough to describe it. Within the next few weeks, it is likely, the new Democratic chairman will show similarly Socialistic tendencies regarding other issues, among them water power. He will probably hint that the public, as well as the utility companies, should receive a share of the profits when these great natural resources are developed.

Meanwhile the campaign to make Al Smith President of the United States gathers momentum at the General Motors Building on upper Broadway in New York City. Each day the offices hum with visits from politicians making rash promises to deliver Pennsylvania, Illinois or Oklahoma. Each day there are sessions of the High Command, conferences with newspaper correspondents and meetings at which the farm, the dry, the wet, the urban, the Negro and the border state vote must be debated. Always there is the long line of the "boys" to be taken care of; the boys with the itching palms who demand a place on the party payroll.

In the midst of it all, apparently as happy as though he were still directing the destinies of General Motors, moves Mr. Raskob. He learned long ago, fortunately for the peace of mind of his associates, that there were times when it was wise to look knowing and say nothing; it is a trick acquired by industrial giants as well as by campaign strategists. Thus far, as a result, there have been none of the unfortunate incidents that have bothered Dr. Hubert Work, the G. O. P. chairman. One cannot avoid the thought, however, that Raskob must sometimes give way to bewilderment that he was willing to assume this rôle. The politicians he is meeting are men of a type he has never known before. They utter daily predictions, obviously based on little or nothing, that Smith's election is already an assured fact. They exude confidence, self-satisfaction and optimism. It is not that Raskob objects to optimism. On the contrary, he has long been known in Wall Street as an exceedingly bullish gentleman whose occasional sunny predictions regarding General Motors are to be taken very seriously. But Raskob's optimism has been based on cold, demonstrable fact. He has studied production charts, sales records and probable earnings. Now he is

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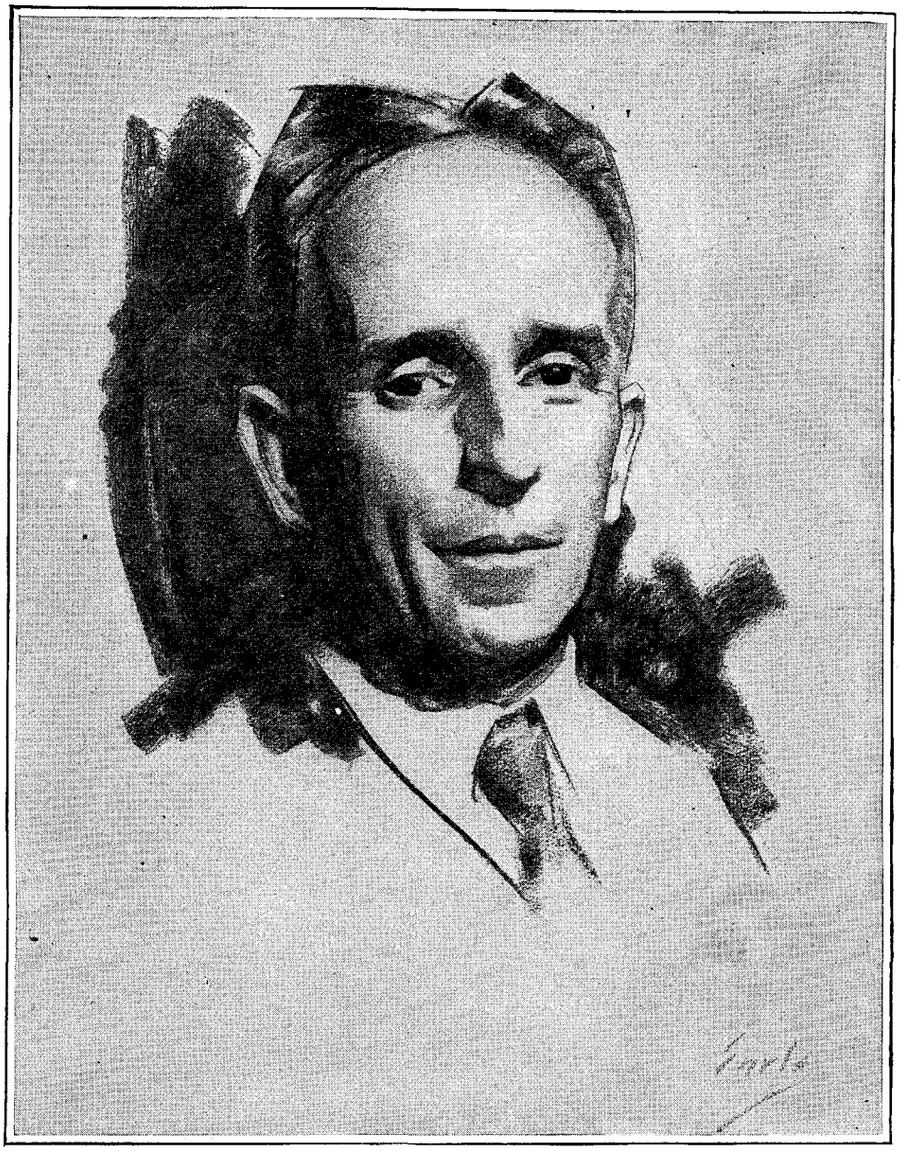
learning that politics, although a human and fascinating one, is far from an exact science.

Raskob has offered, of course, a formal explanation for accepting his present post. Following his election on July 11th he said that a time came in the life of a nation "when men not in politics feel called upon to take an active instead of a passive interest in government." Such a time, he believed, was at hand. He then went on to give two very specific reasons for his willingness to assume "the great responsibilities this position carries." The first was his great admiration for Governor Smith, whom he met some years ago through William F. Kenny, the millionaire contractor, and with whom he has been on intimate personal terms. The second influence was his conviction that national prohibition had failed and was causing wide-spread corruption and disrespect for all law. A third reason, probably less important and one that Raskob did not mention, is the fact that he, like Smith, is a Roman Catholic and is anxious to play a part in stamping out intolerance. Finally, of course, there is my private theory that Maryland's disturbing air had gotten into his blood and caused him to prefer non-conformity for its own sake.

I MEAN it as no reflection upon Raskob's eventual political skill, or his present very great talents as an organizer, when I say that he was selected to serve as "window dressing" for Democracy. Before the tumult of Houston had died away, while the leaders who had managed Smith's pre-convention campaign were heading for the North, the subject of a new national chairman was the chief topic for discussion. In order to win, the wise ones realized, the party must refute the damnable, partisan charges that it was a menace to prosperity. It must convince the people that their radio sets, their automobiles and their bank accounts would be as sacred to the Democratic Party as to the Republican; indeed, more sacred. Business, always jumpy on the eve of a Presidential campaign, must be assured that nothing rash would be done with the tariff. The Democratic Party must, in brief, be made to appear as nearly identical to the G. O. P. as possible.



JOHN J. RASKOB

The best way to accomplish all this was to persuade some giant industrialist, some great figure free of the taint of politics, to serve as chairman of the national committee. The first man suggested was Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of the General Electric, reputedly the brains behind the Dawes Plan, a Democrat and sympathetic toward many of Smith's policies. It developed, however, that Young's distaste for politics, often expressed, had not abated and he would not listen to the pleas of the leaders. During a fortnight many gentlemen were mentioned for the post. But at 3 o'clock on the morning of July 11, at a prolonged meeting in the Governor's suite at the Biltmore, Smith announced that John J. Raskob was his personal choice, was acquiescent and would be named when the committee convened that afternoon.

Not a few members of Democracy's High Command, particularly those who had been planning to berate Herbert Hoover for his one-time political vacillation, made vigorous protest. This, they said, was a trifle thick. Raskob was just as dubious politically as the Republican nominee. He admitted, openly and without shame, that he had never been affiliated with any party. He had voted for Wilson in 1916 and for Coolidge in 1924! He was a member of the Union League Club of Philadelphia and was said to be worth $100,000,000. Such a man would have all sorts of idiotic ideas regarding a campaign and would be impossible to work with. Besides, just how much did Al intend to emphasize the dangerous prohibition and Catholic issues anyhow? This Raskob was a director of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, which fought openly for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. He was, moreover, a Roman Catholic who had been made a Knight of the

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Order of St. Gregory the Great by the Pope. His selection, the objectors said, would further inflame the Baptist-Methodist and anti-Smith thousands in the South and would boost the membership of the Ku Klux Klan.

But Al Smith, who each year grows more accustomed to having his own way, was determined and in a few hours Raskob was unanimously elected. After the meeting in the gaudy Democratic Club on Madison Avenue had ended, some of the members of the committee came up to offer their congratulations. They felt slightly uncomfortable in the presence of such concentrated wealth and Raskob, sensing the strangeness of it all, was similarly ill at ease. As a result conversation languished.

"We're delighted," said one committeeman, "that you're to be with us."

"Yes," said Raskob, shifting uneasily and trying to think of something to say. Just then another party leader approached.

"Congratulations!" he boomed.

"Yes," said Raskob.

DESPITE this inauspicious beginning, despite the fact that protests by his fellow directors caused him to resign as finance chairman of General Motors, Raskob has done amazingly well. The editorial comment regarding his election was wide-spread and very friendly. The harmony which marked the Democratic Party in convention at Houston seems to have an excellent chance of continuing up to Election Day. Raskob still knows less than nothing, it is true, regarding the art of politics. I venture to say that he could not name a dozen important Democratic leaders in the entire country or give a list of the states where Smith must win in order to be elected. All this is not, however, important inasmuch as the Democratic headquarters swarms with experts whose livelihood has, for years, depended upon familiarity with such matters. Raskob's normal day, except for the confusion and hurly-burly which cannot quite be stilled, does not differ too greatly from those while he was with the General Motors Company. He has the same suave, efficient private secretary at his elbow. His list of appointments is made up in advance and sometimes he does not know, until a few minutes before a caller arrives, whom he is to see, what he is to talk about, what the significance of the visit is. It is quite likely that conversation at these private sessions is not too brilliant. But the visitors seem, none the less, to be favorably impressed when they come out.

In one respect, though, Raskob finds life very different. Never before has he faced daily bombardment by the irreverent newspaper correspondents and it is greatly to his credit that the reporters like him very well indeed. They respect his intelligence, feel that he is honest, able and sincere. At first, it is true, there was mutual distrust. Great figures of business or finance are accustomed to have reporters (they rarely see any but the Wall Street men) await their pleasure. They are seldom permitted to print anything but a statement prepared in advance. The political writers, however, must be seen at a stated time each day. They insist upon the right to cross-examine at will. During the first few conferences Raskob was rather nervous. This was not lessened when, after he had been in office a few days, he ran into a reporter seeking what is known in the trade as a "trouble story." The writer was from a hide-bound Republican journal, energetically and often unfairly opposing Smith's candidacy. That Al could win any votes among its readers was extremely remote and there was really no cause for alarm when the correspondent began asking questions regarding fancied friction in the Democratic ranks. But the new chairman felt that it was of vital importance, answered the questions rather vaguely and was filled with wrath when, the next morning, he read that there was "Dissension in the Smith Camp." Meeting the correspondents later in the day he made it clear that he was very angry.

"The trouble with these informal conferences," he said, in effect, "is the chance that some snake will be present."

It was an unfortunate remark, inasmuch as the offending reporter was a good friend of most of the other writers. They knew that his occasional lapses from the whole truth were the result of a militant pro-Republican policy on the part of his paper and were in no way personal. The incident has, however, been forgotten in view of Raskob's increasing ability to handle the conferences. From a journalistic point of view he is now perfectly satisfactory.

At first glance, viewed as he is thus engaged in some conference, Raskob seems to be a very calm, even a tranquil person. Certainly he looks very capable, self-assured and efficient. It soon becomes apparent, though, that he is anything but calm. His hands, for instance, are constantly in motion. First he brushes his right cheek with his finger tips. Then it is his left. Next he fusses with papers in front of him. He speaks well enough, in so far as clear, concise language is concerned. But his tones are almost inaudible and the listener has to strain for every word. He is not a big man, being about five feet seven inches in height and except for the faintest suspicion of stoutness at the waist he is free from the sag of middle age. This is because he takes a good deal of exercise, chiefly the acrobatic variety which results from manipulating the sails of a small boat. His hair is plentiful, except in front, and is just beginning to grow gray. His eyes are brown and steady. But the most striking thing about Raskob is a smile when he is amused; which is fairly often, for he seems to have an excellent sense of humor. Then wrinkles begin to radiate from his eyes to the corners of his mouth until his entire face is a network of tiny lines. The mirth is accompanied by a chuckle quite devoid of sound and somehow very contagious.

APPREHENSIONS on the part of Smith's advisers that Raskob might be aloof or difficult to work with have proved to be totally unfounded. At Wilmington, where his estate must have cost millions, his democracy is a matter of local pride, and he is universally known as "Johnny Raskob." "Archmere," the name of his home, swarms with visitors of low and high degree. He attends most of the meetings at the Democratic headquarters in his shirt-sleeves, and so one has slight opportunity to judge his taste in clothes. It is said of him, however, that he gives in to a weakness for gay cravats with matching (as he supposes) handkerchiefs. Mrs. Raskob is said to act as a restraining influence. It is rumored, too, that on the golf-links and when lounging about his Maryland farm he wears astonishing plus-fours that reach well to his ankles. But during the hot August days of the Smith campaign he is sartorially without distinction. On the day that the committee moved into the new headquarters—the General Motors building was selected because Raskob had hoped that he could hold his old

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job at the same time—the chairman was attempting to find his office while workmen were shifting tables and chairs.

"Hey, you!" hailed a clerk, "are you from Gimbel's? They just called up for one of the men from the furniture department."

It was in November of 1915 that Raskob first came to the attention of the metropolitan press, and he found the publicity not at all to his liking. There appeared in the New York papers, one morning, despatches from Wilmington stating that a party of millionaires, swollen with war profits, was bound for Manhattan "to paint the town red." The celebration was being paid for, it was stated, by one John J. Raskob of the du Pont powder people and Frank J. Lackey, a Wilmington broker. So wealthy were these gentlemen that common taxicabs were to be spurned when they arrived and costly limousines hired to transport the party to elegant accommodations at the Hotel Astor. The stories were somewhat jocular, and when Raskob and his friends arrived the next day they were obviously indignant. Raskob, in what was probably his first interview, protested that the orgy was a "Dutch Treat" affair, that expenses would come only to $35 a head, and that the group was made up of twenty-one married couples belonging to the "Friday Night Dancing Class" of Wilmington. Having thus spoken, the party boarded busses, not limousines or even taxis, and went to their hotel.

But even in 1915 Raskob had progressed part of the way on the path to great wealth, for he had already persuaded Pierre S. du Pont to buy into General Motors. It was a step that was to make another fortune for the du Ponts, build one for Raskob and to result, years later, in the creation of eighty millionaires among the executives of General Motors — to-day known as "Raskob's Eighty Millionaires" and counted upon, by many a Democratic hopeful, to chip in to make Smith President. But of the millionaires I shall speak later.

Raskob was born in 1879 at Lockport, N. Y., of the worthy immigration which turned toward America during the middle of the nineteenth century. A Jakob Raskob had landed in 1845 from Alsace, had turned his back on the already congested centers of the Eastern seaboard and had gone to Buffalo, where he began to make cigars in a small way. He was a Roman Catholic and a devout, law-abiding gentleman who became an American citizen within a few years after his arrival. He did not, though, have the gift of making money. His son, John Raskob, continued to make cigars, but moved to Lockport, a small town on the Erie Canal. He, too, failed to prosper, but was married to Anna Frances Moran, whose parents had been born in Dublin. There were four children, among them John Jakob Raskob, the hero of our story.

Johnny, it was to be seen, possessed in full measure the gift denied his father and grandfather. While still in high school he announced that he intended to make money, "a lot of it," and he studied stenography and accounting in preparation. The opportunity to begin came soon, for when he was nineteen his father died. He took a job as stenographer at $5 a week and in six months was demanding $7.50. When it was refused he wrote to a friend in Loraine, Ohio, asking whether, by any chance, there was a job in that town for a bright and ambitious young man. The friend replied that a man named P. S. du Pont was looking for a secretary, so Raskob wrote, suggested that he was the very man needed and that $1,000 a year was his price. While Lockport jeered at such arrogance the offer was accepted and the boy moved to Loraine with his family. From that day the curve of his career and of his wealth moved constantly, and often with astonishing swiftness, upward. Pierre S. du Pont was, at the time, operating a street car line in Loraine. Later he acquired another one in Dallas, Texas, and he took Raskob with him to become treasurer of the company. In 1902 the three cousins, Coleman, Pierre and Alfred, assumed control of E. I. du Pont de Nemours, a company which had been manufacturing powder since the Revolution, and Pierre became treasurer. Again he took the bright young man from Lockport with him to Wilmington, and Raskob was made assistant treasurer at $3,000 a year. Later Pierre du Pont became president and Raskob treasurer. When the war came, and profits began to leap as never before, he was the vice-president in charge of finance. And so he would have accumulated "money, lots of money," even without the assistance of General Motors.

The story of Raskob, the du Ponts and General Motors is one of those fantastic financial true stories possible only in real life. In 1913 Raskob received word that General Motors, organized in 1908 by William C. Durant, was, as they say in Wall Street, a "good buy." He purchased some of the common and persuaded du Pont to do the esame. Between them, they owned 3,000 shares. In 1915, through one of the freak occurrences upon which so many vast fortunes are based, they found that their paltry 3,000 shares constituted a balance of power in General Motors. It was unbelievable, but it was so. There had been a bitter fight between Durant and a banking syndicate which had lent him large sums. Raskob persuaded the factions that nothing could be gained by fighting and also induced them to elect du Pont, in whom both sides had confidence, chairman of the board. He became himself a director at the same time. Meanwhile virtually uncounted millions rolled into the du Pont treasury from the warring nations of Europe and, later, from the United States. The directors faced the not unpleasant problem of deciding what to do with the money. Again Raskob suggested that General Motors was a good buy, and this time the du Pont interests bought $50,000,000 in stock. There was another reorganization and the boy from Lockport became chairman of the Finance Committee. To-day that stock is worth $800,000,000, more or less. In 1915, when the du Ponts first became interested in General Motors, the company had assets of about $78,000,000. To-day they approach a billion dollars. The growth is due, in no small part, to Raskob. An inveterate optimist, he felt that the market for automobiles had barely been scratched, and he organized the General Motors Acceptance Corporation whereby cars are purchased on the installment plan. He felt that the executives of the company would "work their heads off" if they had a share in the profits, and in 1923 eighty senior and junior executives were permitted to organize the Managers Securities Corporation, which bought $33,000,000 in General Motors Common. The minimum participation allowed was $25,000, and that minimum is now worth $1,000,000. So, in about four years, were created "Raskob's Eighty Millionaires."

If Raskob is free from the pomposities which make the average wealthy man a dull individual it is partly due,

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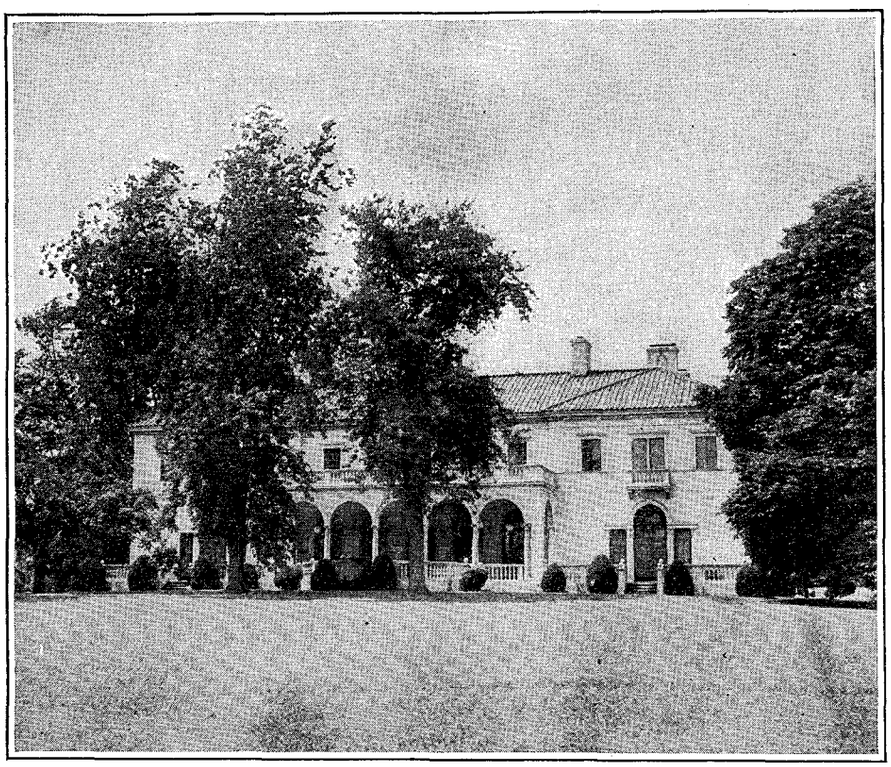
no doubt, to the fact that success came early in life and to the element of luck involved. The rungs of his ladder cannot logically be labeled "hard work," "zeal," "attention to duty," "vision" and "save your pennies." Obviously he cannot utter bromides about industry and its rewards, for it was good fortune, just as much as industry, which created his vast wealth. He admits this frankly, but prefers to interpret it as destiny's work.

"I believe," he once remarked, "that there is a divinity which shapes our ends. I'm positive it was so in my case."

One finds the clues to Raskob a little elusive. It is untrue to say that he was merely lucky. Those who know him best usually place that of organizer first among his talents. Men work for him, they say, in harmony and efficiently; a fact which Al Smith probably knew in picking Raskob for his campaign manager. Raskob is, too, rather inclined to assume that things will go well rather than that disaster is ahead. Thus, without being like the late Elbert Gary and constantly remarking that God is in His Heaven, he is optimistic about General Motors, Smith's campaign, America, his children, the Universe. He has, I think, foresight rather than vision. It was a combination of foresight and optimism which first persuaded him to buy General Motors common. It was optimism and no mean ability as a salesman which enabled him to persuade the du Ponts to do likewise to the extent of $50,000,000. These traits are guided by a mind which is keen and facile and rarely closed to argument.

Raskob the millionaire, then, was born of fortune and those specific gifts. He is a pleasant, affable gentleman uncrushed by his millions. Unlike George F. Baker or the elder Morgan, he did not watch his money grow by the comparatively slow accumulation of interest. Like that of Henry Ford, it increased at a rate beyond the ability of the eye and brain to watch. So Raskob is less impressed by wealth, less fearful of the unknown. And another factor which led him to escape rigidity, I am sure, is the enormous size, judged by any modern standards, of his family. As a boy he had said that he wanted money. As a father he remarked, finding it all rather amusing, that he "had to have it." He certainly did, for the Raskob household consisted of twelve children. No man could be pompous with twelve assorted sons and daughters. The only tragedy of his life occurred last month when William F. Raskob, the second son, was killed in an automobile accident.

Probably the children, growing up and spreading the outrageous ideas of the younger generation, were no less important than luck and the heresies of Maryland in causing Raskob's independence of thought. His first contact with the Maryland mind came in 1906 when he was married to Helena Springer Green, a lady of great charm whose forebears had come to the colony back in the misty days of the seventeenth century when Maryland was already a haven of tolerance. Mrs. Raskob had been born on the magic soil of the state. Also a Catholic, she has long favored the Democratic Party and has viewed her husband's occasional lapses with regret. When, on a morning in July, he announced at the breakfast table that the family should "watch the afternoon papers," she assumed that he had agreed to assist his friend Al Smith, and was properly gratified that he was permanently in the fold.



Archmere, Mr. Raskob's Country Place on the Delaware River

EXCEPT when they are in New York, where there is an apartment, the Raskobs divide their time between their farm at Powder Point, Maryland, and Archmere, an awe-inspiring structure which is the show place of the countryside at Claymont on the Delaware River. Somehow it miraculously manages to be homelike despite its elegance and great cost, and one assumes that Mrs. Raskob is responsible. Again, of course, the swarm of Raskob children has been a factor and Archmere is undoubtedly one of the few mansions on earth in which there are five nurseries. Over a mantel in the drawing room is a bas-relief of one of the daughters. Several children romp, in fresco, on the base of a fountain in the courtyard. Love, as well as money, went into the foundations of Archmere, and Mr. and Mrs. Raskob make no effort to conceal their pride in it. It was built, Mrs. Raskob has said, "for all time." A detailed description of it, written with considerable feeling, appears in a volume entitled "The Green-Raskob Book," presented to various libraries. The book also contains the geneologies of the two families.

The children inspired their father anew to his task of making money. They also caused him to ponder regarding the future of the nation. His energetic objections to prohibition are based, he has said, on the fact that it breeds disrespect for all law. He is a little frightened to think that his sons and daughters may grow up in a country where the law is lightly held and constantly violated by people of breed-

(Please turn to continuation, page 678)

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The Mind and Art of Nathaniel Hawthorne

By ROBERT E. SPILLER

For the purposes of a better understanding of the writers of today, a re-examination of the art of Nathaniel Hawthorne is doubly interesting. A Puritan himself, he was a profound and penetrating critic of the philosophy that is the base of American civilization. Again, he was a lonely traveler on a road now dusty with the passage of writers—the road of the psychological novelist. This article is one of a series of re-valuations of great figures in America's literary past.

A SENSE of unfulfillment, almost of failure, seems unavoidably associated with the name and work of Nathaniel Hawthorne. "I thought him a greater man than any of his works betray," wrote Emerson soon after his death, "that he might some day show a surer power . . . Now it appears that I waited too long." And critics since Emerson have not hesitated to repeat this impression. Yet Hawthorne's position in that small company of pioneers who first brought distinction to the literature of America remains unquestioned. It might almost be said that, if originality of matter and form be one of the more important attributes of genius, his place is preeminent even in this limited circle.

There are a number of factors in Hawthorne's background, in his personality, and in his writings which give reason for this feeling that he failed in his destiny. He lived at a time when his nation was on the eve of its cultural majority, the age which Lewis Mumford has optimistically dubbed "The Golden Day." A fringe of wilderness had been converted into a modest imitation of the European scene; the newly cleared ground was ready for cultivation. Men like Irving, Cooper, Longfellow, and Hawthorne cheerfully undertook the task. Lacking tradition, they imported it or they manufactured it from the limited past of their own memories. Lacking original forms, they experimented or imitated. Materials they had in abundance, but even here they sometimes borrowed.

HAWTHORNE was an integral part of one of the oldest existing traditions in America, the Puritan; and at the same time he was the prophet of its decline. Whatever that tradition may signify in its entirety—and Kenneth B. Murdock's recent plea for an inclusive definition of the term is a timely admonition—Puritanism at its height was a religious conviction which resulted in stability of government, of economic conditions, and of individual conduct. Hawthorne lived at a time when the foundations of that stability were being undermined, when its dogmas and its practices were being questioned; and he pulled away some of the underpinning himself. He felt that his generation had built its house over an unquiet grave—that the very qualities of iron will and certain faith which his ancestors had believed to be virtues, were in reality vices, now living as ghosts to torment their children's children. The sense of inherited sin, either that of commission or that attendant upon intolerance, is the keynote of the best of Hawthorne's writings.

But he was not content to view this decay of the New England past with an esthetic objectivity. Neither was he willing to accept the terms which the future laid before him. He viewed the coming age of industry with suspicion and alarm. The Celestial Railroad carries him to the very gates of Paradise, but he hears only the glad angelic welcome of the two poor pilgrims who had climbed by the way of Bunyan. The dream ends before we are told whether or not the last step, the crossing of the river by ferry, was as easy as the others on Mr. Smooth-it-away's improved railroad to Heaven. "The wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a dash of spray over me so cold . . . that with a shiver and a heartquake I awoke." The chill of the future was as ominous as was that of the past.

A REVIEW of the facts of his life leaves a similar sense of unfulfillment. His early hermit-life in Salem, his unsuccessful efforts to take his part in the business and social spheres, and his final inability to enter into the spirit of the European scene, all reveal him as a solitary and a provincial. Such happiness as he found in human associations was concentrated upon his home life both before, but more particularly after, his marriage, and upon his small but intimate circle of friends. Lloyd Morris, in his recent biography of Hawthorne, has felt perhaps too keenly the pathos of a life so spent, and he has painted his portrait of the "Rebellious Puritan" in pastel shades, to the great indignation of Julian Hawthorne, who remembers vividly the wholesome comradeship which he enjoyed with his father. But there is nothing irreconcilable in these pictures. Hawthorne's lonely habits of thought were not the results of a shrinking or morbid temperament. "This claims to be called a haunted chamber," he wrote upon a late visit to his former hermitage (1840), "for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some few of them have become visible to the world."

The solitude of Hawthorne was the isolation of self-sufficiency. He is at his best when writing of the scenes of his own life dimmed and merged by long hours of meditation. His romance is of the introvert type. It seeks for strange places and strange times within the mind rather than in the far away. With Sophia and the children, or with Bridge, Ticknor, or even Melville, Hawthorne was friendly and at his ease. But his own descriptions of his experiences at Brook Farm and in the Salem Custom House show how limited was his horizon in these matters. "What, in the name of common sense, had I to do with any better society than I had always lived in?" exclaims Miles Coverdale in "The Blithedale Romance." "It had satisfied me well enough. My pleasant bachelor-parlor, sunny and shadowy, curtained and carpeted, with the bedchamber adjoining . . . Was it better to hoe, to mow, to toil and moil amidst the accumulations of a barnyard; to be the chambermaid of two yoke of oxen and a dozen cows?"

In the introduction to "The Scarlet

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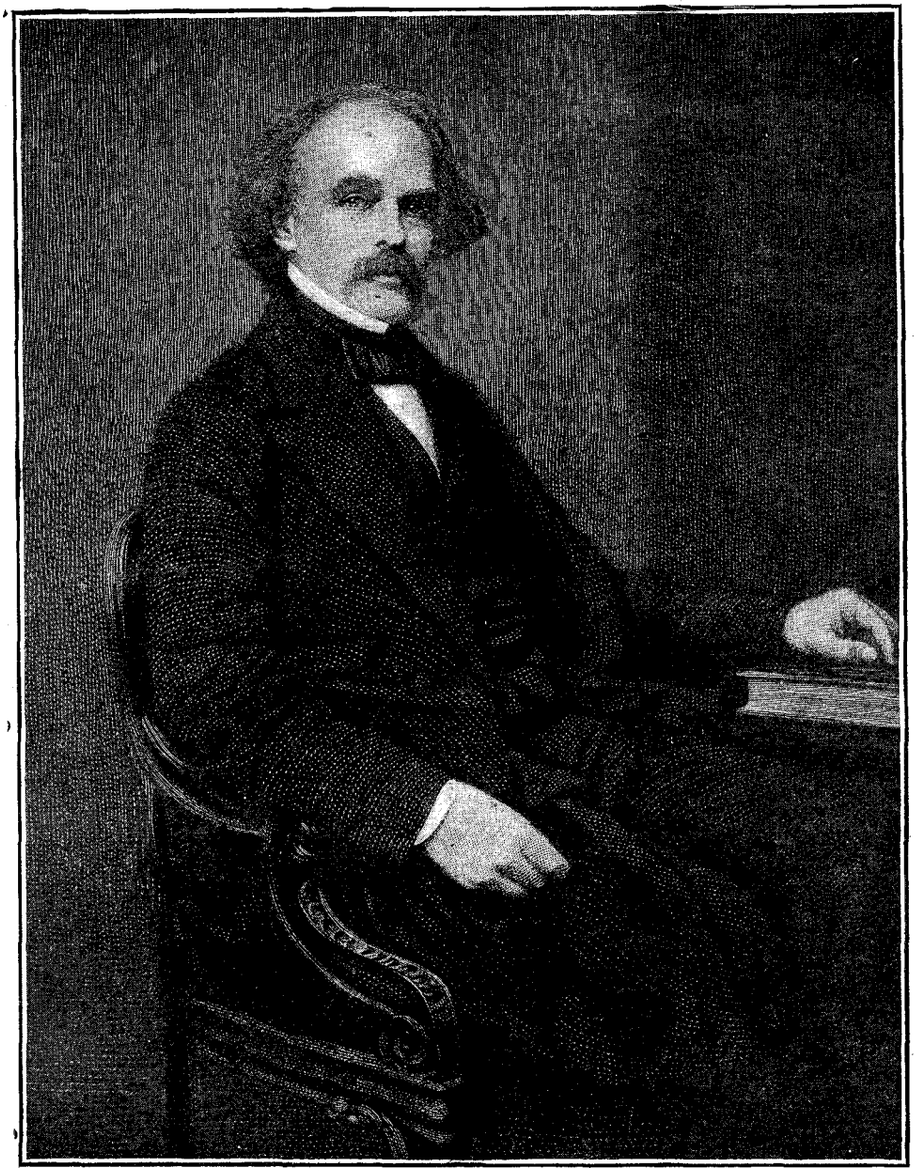
Letter" this same bachelor-parlor is again described with fond affection as the proper place for the brewing of romantic concoctions, but, exclaims Hawthorne, "during the whole of my Custom House experience, moonlight and sunshine, and the glow of firelight, were just alike in my regard; and neither of them was of one whit more avail than the twinkle of a tallow candle."

In thus recognizing his need for the proper time and the congenial place for his work, Hawthorne admitted both its strength and its weakness. It was this very quality of dreamy introspection that gave to "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," and the best of his seventy-eight short stories their originality and their chief significance. The theme of "The Blithedale Romance" was almost too full-bodied to thrive in such white and moonlit regions; and "The Marble Faun" suffered from being planted in a foreign soil, however native its roots. Much as he professes to have acquired at Rome a home-feeling as nowhere else in the world, and to have retained, from reading the old English wisdom, his feeling for "our old home," Hawthorne was never successfully transplanted from his own study, with its centre table and its windows looking out upon the grave New England scene.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

When Hawthorne is considered, therefore, in terms of his background or of his personality, he is apparently hedged about by restrictions and inhibitions enough to make him theoretically incapable of vital and enduring literary work. His success must have been the direct result of concentration upon that small territory which was enclosed by these high barriers. A fair judgment of the work of any author must depend first upon an analysis of that author's aims and methods as he himself conceived them. Secondly, it must question both the validity of those professions and the author's degree of success in their application.

Few writers have so clearly and frequently defined their esthetic creed as has Hawthorne. He was a writer of romance and he strove, by means of romance, to illustrate moral beliefs. Nowhere does he profess an impartial interest in the complexity of a single human soul in all its aspects; nowhere does he attempt the accuracy of the historian, or even of the realist. Legend, fable, and parable fall by a novelist or short story writer in the modern sense he is exceeding his own aims.

"When a writer calls his work a Romance," he says in his preface to "The House of the Seven Gables," it need hardly be observed that he wishes to claim a certain latitude, both as to its fashion and material, which he would not have felt himself entitled to assume, had he professed to be writing a Novel." A romance owes fidelity only to "the truth of the human heart"; with particularized facts it need have nothing to do. The author may, with reasonable moderation, "so manage his atmospherical medium as to bring out or mellow the lights, and deepen and enrich the shadows of the picture." The "legendary mist," which the tale brings with it out of the past, aids in this process of blending details for the sake of a generalized truth or belief which Hawthorne finds hidden in its folds.

Similarly, "The Scarlet Letter," with its scene laid in the familiar streets of its author's own village, requires dim light before it becomes romance. The finest scenes in the book occur in the shadowed depths of the forest or on the village street when the white moonlight reveals the minister standing in his lonely penitence upon the scaffold. Whether it be in his hermit cell, in the Old Manse, or in the Wayside, Hawthorne sees life truly, by his own definition, only when he has withdrawn from it. "From these quiet windows the figures of passing travelers looked too remote and dim to disturb the sense of privacy." The muddy Concord assumed in the sunset glow an ideal beauty which was more true than its own sluggish self. "We will not, then, malign our river

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as gross and impure while it can glorify itself with so adequate a picture of the heaven that broods above it." And, in "Our Old Home," he affirms the same theory in no uncertain terms: "Sublime and beautiful facts are best understood when etherealized by distance"—or, he might have added, by any agency which generalizes and falsifies their immediate and confusing complexities.

Right or wrong, this is the creed of the romanticist as Hawthorne believed and strove to follow it. He never intentionally departs from it when he is writing fiction. Even the modern Arcadia of Blithedale failed to reveal a higher truth: "The clods of earth, which we so constantly belabored were definition within the limits of his self-restricted province; when he becomes never etherealized into thought . . . Our labor symbolized nothing, and left us mentally sluggish in the dusk of the evening." The minister's black veil was in itself a greater truth than the features which it covered. Donatello's ears were better unrevealed; he was a fawn at heart and his ears might have proved after all to be merely mortal. From the mind of the middle ages comes the belief that above the truth of facts is a higher and purer truth, comprehensible only to the visionary and demonstrable only through symbols. This Hawthorne believed and upon this belief he built his art.

HAWTHORNE was no mere moralist. "A high truth," he continues, "fairly, finely, and skillfully wrought out, brightening at every step, and crowning the final development of a work of fiction, may add an artistic glory, but is never any truer, and seldom any more evident, at the last page than at the first." In the distilled atmosphere of such a truth the story has a life apart from the complexities of this world; yet at the same time it becomes a mere illustration, a symbol. The ancestral footstep, the scarlet letter, Alice's posies, Donatello's fountain, and many other symbols occurring and recurring in Hawthorne's fiction point an accusing finger at a sin, sometimes in itself entirely undefined, but a sin never to be forgotten. Such thought is but an echo of old Michael Wigglesworth's insistence upon the eternity of all of that human action which involves moral good or moral evil.

"But allegory," says W. C. Brownell, "is art only when its representation is as imaginatively real as its meaning. The mass of allegory—allegory strictly devoted to exposition and dependent upon exegesis, allegory explicitly so called—is only incidentally art at all." Coleridge, on the other hand, attempted to make place for such an aim within the limits of art by calling it fancy. "The fancy," he says, "is indeed no other than a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space; while it is blended with, and modified by the word Choice." This is what Hawthorne wished to accomplish by his work, and it is significant that Coleridge made his statement at about the time when the American was writing his romances. Fashions have at least something to do with our definitions of art.

"In the humblest event," wrote Hawthorne when he had settled in his first real home after his marriage, "I resolved at least to achieve a novel that should evolve some deep lesson and should possess physical substance enough to stand alone." During those three years in which, to Sophia, dreams became realities, to Hawthorne the reverse was the case. Realities—his life in Salem, the Custom House experience, his brooding upon his own ancestors and upon New England's past—formed themselves into dreams. His mind chose what it wished from the tangled web of his memory to spin a new and patterned fabric as fragile as memory itself. The novel which was to "possess physical substance enough to stand alone" was "The Scarlet Letter," by the consensus of critical opinion his masterpiece.

The problem of whether the greatness of this book was accidental should furnish the key to Hawthorne's significance as a writer of romance. Did Hawthorne, in spite of his professions to the contrary, write, as Brownell believes, a story "so exclusively a drama of the soul as to be measurably independent of an elaborate setting in a social picture," or do we find in it the expression of its author's obsessing moral vision translated into an allegorical painting of the long-past New England landscape? Herbert Gorman, in his recent study of Hawthorne, calls this book "the completest epitome of Hawthorne's genius," in spite of Hawthorne's own insistence that "The House of the Seven Gables" "is more characteristic of the author, and a more natural book for me to write, than "The Scarlet Letter"—and not only more characteristic, but better as well. Gorman's further statement that the latter novel "is a moving series of symbols within a larger symbol from beginning to end" brings his criticism back to Hawthorne's own terms. But in "The Scarlet Letter" the moral truth is distilled from the particularized lives of the three individuals, whereas in "The House of the Seven Gables" it derives from a generalized sense of the past. Old Hepzibah and young Phoebe alike maintain their own lives, as did Feathertop, by deep breaths of mystic influence, in the one case of past deeds and thoughts, in the other of smoke from Mother Rigby's pipe. A review of Hawthorne's tales and sketches, the forms in which he did by far the greater part of his better work, will demonstrate that the method of "The Scarlet Letter" was the exception, that of "The House of the Seven Gables" the rule. The unity of the latter work depends neither upon plot consistency nor upon character revelation. The sin motif is introduced in the bass strings, and is sustained and tossed about by various voices, forming, over all, a tone poem of rich harmony and graceful dignity. The story is the best of Hawthorne in his most characteristic phase. It is not surprising that he felt it to be a more natural book for him to write than that in which he pointed the way to the condensed psychological fiction of the present.

Little has been said except incidentally of the many other volumes of Hawthorne's work. His four great romances, "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," and "The Marble Faun," were framed by experiments in the same allegorical method: "Fanshawe" in his youth and those four abortive efforts to blend the themes of the ancestral footstep and the elixir of life with which his literary career was brought to a close. Upon his four major romances, however, supported by the many tales and sketches, which are often more apt and more perfect than the longer stories, Hawthorne's ultimate literary fame must rest. His tales for children, excellent in themselves, require no extensive comment, and his endless note-books, as well as "Our Old Home," although lighted by occasional glowing passages, are useful chiefly as comprehensive sources for the study of the man and his work.

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On Loud Speakers

The Art of Selling Radios

By STUART CHASE and F. J. SCHLINK

A CORNELL physicist has devised an ingenious apparatus to measure the noise of great cities. He has reported Herald Square in New York as the place where the ear-drums of the citizens of modern Babylon are most seriously assaulted. He is wrong. Two miles south, near the tip of this incredible island, there is an even more delirious racket. Cortlandt Street west of Broadway is the heart of the retail radio trade. Coming from the relative peace of the subway, one enters an inferno which all the fiends of hell might envy—or even a superintendent of a rolling mill. Here are batteries of loud speakers geared to the brass of a thousand trombones. Mounted in front of each little shop, they rock the ether with selections from jazz bands, lady trumpeters, tremulous sopranos, bellowing baritones, high-pressure orators—simultaneously delivered with a roar like the Pennsylvania Limited cleaving a rock-walled cut in the Alleghanies. The Cornell professor did well to avoid this spot; no scientific instrument could have reduced this chaotic din to orderly measurement.[1]

BEHIND the almost solid wall of sound are shop windows filled to overflowing with the amazing apparatus of the new art. Here are loud-speaker horns coiled like the bowels of a dinosaur; here are ball, bird-cage, and rat-trap antennas; static eliminators—about as effective as the command of King Canute. Here are placards announcing the world's greatest receiving set, challenging all comers, "the marvelous all-wave, universal, and trans-oceanic superheteroflex; the neurogenodyne; the unparalleled K-17 circuit with its kit of parts, ready-drilled panel, special dynatonic modulator, and cabinet—all for $69.89." Here is the magic appeal of "razor edge selectivity" and sets with gleaming tubes sold like motor cars in "Monodyne balanced sixes and straight eights." Here are "genuine air-tone speakers," variodensers, transifiers, radiohms, radiotrons, sonatrons, and supertrons, and that latest arrival, the shielded grid circuit.

On Cortlandt Street one can buy—if his ear-drums hold out—every variety of device for broadcast reception. He can buy it sometimes long before it is technically fit for the market, and long after it should have disappeared from the market. Into this blaring world comes an endless succession of antiquated and unsuccessful broadcast receivers and parts, to be had for whatever the traffic will bear. Sometimes it will bear less than the cost of the materials that went into the goods, but even at this the bargain is usually a bad one. The seasoned and enlightened fan may, however, occasionally find a bargain of real quality.

MEANWHILE *caveat emptor* is the rule on Cortlandt Street. There is a recognized jobbing trade devoted to picking up obsolete models, sometimes in 50,000-piece lots, at next to scrap-metal prices, and then courageously attempting to unload them, at a handsome advance over cost, upon the unsophisticated customer as "one of the latest models." A certain czar of the jobbing trade descends upon New York every so often, his pockets stuffed with a fabulous amount of cash. He hires a dozen rooms in one of the great hotels and proceeds to entertain such manufacturers as have "distress stocks" on their hands. This is trade jargon for antiquated, obsolescent, and slow-moving sets and parts. This distress merchandise he buys in enormous quantities, paying cash on the nail. Then, with the utmost ability and enthusiasm, he will proceed to dump the lot on Cortlandt Street, and on the other cut-price stores all over the country. In fairness, it should be noted that on rare occasions some items of this distress stock are about as good as current models—once in a blue moon, better.

Hardened radio fans can recognize old apparatus by characteristic differences in design, but the thousands of newcomers on the market, the schoolboy and the exploring suburbanite, are grist to the mill of this spirited salesmanship. They may buy as an up-to-the-minute product a set with a well-known name upon it, but fabricated in the days when tone quality was a hobby pursued by a few adventurous spirits in the laboratories of the Bell System. They may buy spavined storage batteries astutely revived for the moment; they may buy very expensive tuning coils, not nearly so efficient as bell-wire wound on an oatmeal box; they may buy "cone speakers" made by placing a conical cover over an obsolete horn speaker.

In brief, the commercial game in radio is, over great areas, on all fours with the Royal Nonesuch. In the cut-price stores models are changing so rapidly, due to the development of the technical art, competition is so keen, the danger of over-stocking is so great, that the harassed dealer is almost totally unable to exercise any critical function on behalf of the consumer. He has no time to study engineering; his task is to move his stock at prices which will keep him one lap ahead of the sheriff, and "let the buyer beware" must necessarily be his motto. Even in the stores which try to avoid cut-price salesmanship, there is no such thing as a dealer or a clerk who knows more about quality and value than the average intelligent fan.

MEANWHILE, if one learns little that is genuinely helpful from the dealer, he learns even less from the advertising of radio sets and accessories. In this department the copy often comes perilously close to the palmiest days of patent medicine-vending. "Radio Broadcast," perhaps the most dependable journal for the broadcast fan in the field, recently said editorially:

> If the advertising is to be believed, all receiving sets possess unbelievable selectivity, marvelous sensitiveness, and magnificent tone quality, regardless of price. Rarely is there any enlightening information in a radio advertisement by which a prospective purchaser may judge the superiority of one receiver over another. Magical phrases are concocted to suggest fancied engineering superiority. The uninitiated must be guided by such medicine-man hokum as "utilizing the new intra-paralytic principle of interference submergence," or "mastertonic sliding trombone transformers."

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These strictures, furthermore, affect a sizable fraction of the National pocket-book. Mr. Pierre Boucheron, of the Radio Corporation of America, speaking before the Harvard School of Business Administration, places the total sales of radio to date at nearly $2,000,000,000, for which $122,000,000 has been spent in advertising. The annual sales are now placed at $550,000,000, and the annual advertising charge at between 6 and 7 per cent, or not far from $40,000,000 a year. Meanwhile, for one or two per cent of this sum competent scientific tests could be carried out which would give a proper performance rating to every set and accessory on the market.

BEFORE proceeding in somewhat more detail to the Wonderland of radio salesmanship, it may be well to sketch briefly the basic engineering principles of this astonishing new art, an art which has placed nearly 10,000,000 instruments in American homes, and which entertains—or seeks to—upwards of 30,000,000 listeners a day.

The broadcasting station sends out into the ether in all directions waves of electrical energy pulsating at very high frequency, from half a million to several million reversals per second. (The current for household lighting is delivered usually at sixty reversals per second.) This incredibly rapid "carrier" wave is modified in intensity by superimposing upon it electrical waves representing the vibrations of sound, at frequencies of from 100 to 5,000—a band considerably narrower than the range of the normal ear.

The high-frequency carrier waves, modified by electrical waves of the useful sound band, come through the air to the aerial or antenna of the listener's receiving set. The set is a device which takes this electrical cocktail of energy, amplifies it from the inconceivably minute power level at which it arrives, separates the low-frequency energy (between 100 and 5,000 cycles) from the carrier frequency at a million cycles, discards the latter, and delivers the former, modified as little as may be, to the loud speaker. It is delivered in the guise of a rapidly varying electrical current, usually much distorted by the selecting, "rectifying," and amplifying processes which have been going on in the receiving set.

The loud speaker is a kind of electric motor which takes the low frequency energy, and, with more inevitable distortion, transforms it into audible sound, more or less a replica of the sounds in the broadcasting studio.

Meanwhile the ether does not permit its permeation by carrier waves without a protest. It has other functions, both timeless and infinite. What business has a featherless biped in these awful mysteries? There are always present in the ether, cosmic movements of electrical energy which give birth to anarchic and freebooting electrical waves of various intensities and frequencies, which, so to speak, hitch-hike upon the carrier wave, and come crashing into the receiving set along with the invited guest. Lightning and atmospheric electrical disturbances originating in the play of rain, snow, and wind produce such parasites; so do high-power transmission lines and many electrical devices.

In addition there are great areas of radio shadow, or silent zones, due to tall buildings, mountain ranges, and forests; there are heterodyne whistles and howls due to stations whose waves are nearly enough of the same frequency to interfere; there are a variety of squeals and squeaks due to receiving sets that radiate swirls of energy through local oscillation. Finally, there are the telegraphic dot-and-dash disturbances which come from ship radio stations, sending messages with antiquated spark apparatus in or near the broadcast band.

IN short, the radio trail from microphone to ear-drum is both perilous and incredibly complicated. In the receiving set alone engineers have listed no less than twenty-five possible causes of distortion. Any one of them is capable of causing the terrible cater-wauling heard on Cortlandt Street. Some sets as now manufactured have a dozen or more of these distortions working at once—some in the high-frequency amplifier, some in the detector, many in the audio amplifier. The last, and the plagues and fevers which beset the loud speaker, are the two weakest links in the chain of tone quality.

In these circumstances it is only too obvious that the accurate reproduction of a distant program is a problem requiring a maximum of technical skill and integrity, and that, failing such skill, terrible mutilations and distortions are inevitable. The ordinary radio merchant has no more knowledge of the forces and delicate relationships with which he so blithely deals than he has of the theorems of Cartesian geometry.

HAVE you bought radio in terms of the technical outline set forth above? We profoundly doubt it. They imply too many reasons for caution; they do not lead to the quick consummation of a sale. Radio merchandising is not based on the facts of the technically accurate reproduction of sound, but upon the shrewdly developed assumption that *the set or the loud speaker are themselves creators of sound.* Sheer magic, but good salesmanship. If the matter were discussed in terms of *energy amplification and faithfulness of acoustic reproduction of received electrical energy,* involving comparative measurement of all essentials, magic would flee, and the selling talk, alas! be forced to descend from the realm of the fairies to the realm of the scientist. It can be so discussed whenever enough consumers want it, and very simply. The basic factors governing a reliable purchase for your money can be shown in the form of a simple curve upon a diagram not over two inches square—a curve which will tell practically everything that you need to know. Any bright high school boy could be taught the significance of the diagram in five minutes of instruction.

Early in 1927 a set of inferior tone quality equipped with a small horn speaker was widely advertised by one of the largest manufacturers. The copy carried a testimonial from a great musician as to its marvelous performance and superb tone. Yet, as a matter of science, the set could not decently reproduce over one-third of the tones to be found on the keyboard of the testimonial writer's own piano. Even relatively good sets fail faithfully to reproduce notes much below middle C, and begin to fail again three octaves above middle C. The new "AC" electric sets are particularly poor as to reproducing the lower frequencies. At the same time, there are zones *within* this range where the sound output practically disappears, due to distortions in the speaker.

The reason that even the best of radio reproduction does not sound perfectly ghastly is that the human ear has habituated itself to fill in enormous deficiencies in the sound waves it receives—just as it readily recognizes a friend's voice through the fearful dis-

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tortions of the ordinary telephone. Nay more, we hear subjectively, as careful tests show, the deep harmonies of the organ and the piano when only the higher harmonics or overtones of the fundamental tone come through our graphophone or radio speaker. We automatically bridge wide tonal gaps with our aural imagination—but in doing so we lose much of the æsthetic quality of the music.

But in the case cited a musician's ear could not have bridged the gap. The great artist was either tone deaf or badly in need of money. One radio expert gave it as his opinion that to hear even an approximation to natural reproduction coming out of the small horn of that particular loud speaker was as likely as that the sun should come up out of the west. To radiate a fundamental tone in the region of the second C below middle C on the piano the mouth of the horn would have to be approximately four feet square and its length about thirteen feet!

One remembers the advertisement of one of the haughtiest of New York department stores, calling attention to a loud-speaker horn "shaped like the human throat." This is what the anthropologists call sympathetic magic. In the first place, only part of the sounds which come over the ether issue from human throats—nor are all throats shaped the same. Saxophones, pianos, organs, violins, even steam calliopes, contribute their very considerable quota. In the second place, the technical art of reproduction does not depend upon a parallel shape between loud speaker and the instrument, human or otherwise, making noises in front of the microphone. The connection is purely a magical one, unknown to science.

Technically, a speaker should be designed to have no natural resonant frequency of its own. Probably the best form devised to date is the "electrodynamic" cone speaker now very common in England—and just becoming well known to consumers here. Beware of any loud speaker whose dimensions are small, or which is not associated with a large baffle or wall area. Horn speakers of moderate size and sets comprising a self-contained speaker are now obsolete for those who like their music straight. Curiously enough, with many of the current sets a good loud speaker is a liability rather than an asset. The sets are so poor in themselves that they need a certain amount of deficiency in the speaker to balance their own deformities and get the best—or the least awful—out of them.

Let us consider some samples from the mine run of advertising copy. Here is a sales appeal claiming amplification so great that one is ready to believe that with this set he could hear the ethereal disturbances produced every time a postman in Berlin rings a burgher's doorbell. Yet intelligent buying calls for a heavy discount upon all claims for distant reception. Distance can be secured under favorable conditions, and where one does not greatly care what the result sounds like or whether the music or the crashes predominate. But the inevitable distortions and mutilations of the wave coming from a long distance, and the load of "parasitic noises" that accompany it, and are added to in the set by the use of amplifying tubes and other apparatus, cannot be removed by any action of the set. Absurdly high amplifying power makes appealing advertising copy, but is useless or worse except for stunt purposes and the reproduction of cosmic firecrackers. The dependable and pleasing reproduction of music from distances above fifty to one hundred miles is simply not possible. From longer distances the signal is always liable to arrive decorated with sputters, squeals, crackles, and "selective fading." No elaboration in in improving this fundamental difficulty. The only thing that can improve it is the antenna system, and here, alas! the profit margins are too small to call forth the needed sales effort.

Here is a picture (June, 1926) of a pair of lovers crooning over a new set: "Not for just a year, but always . . . complete and lasting satisfaction." This particular combination is long since obsolete. In effect, it was thrown into the discard by its own maker six months later. In November, 1926, the same company announced, in the same journal that carried the young love advertisement, a sensational new reproducer which completely outmoded everything that had gone before and which promised: "Every sound of voice and instrument with full clear natural tone, . . . perfect reproduction of every sound between 20 and 9,500 vibrations per second." Meanwhile such perfection of reproduction is as flatly impossible today as it was in 1926. Such perfection will probably always remain impossible, except to the elaborate and prohibitively expensive equipment of the laboratory scientist—including perhaps a horn fifty feet long and sixteen feet in diameter at mouth.

"Eight tube one dial Horrific . . . magnificent tone . . . super-selective . . . powerful distance getter. All-electric, or battery, 6 tube super for

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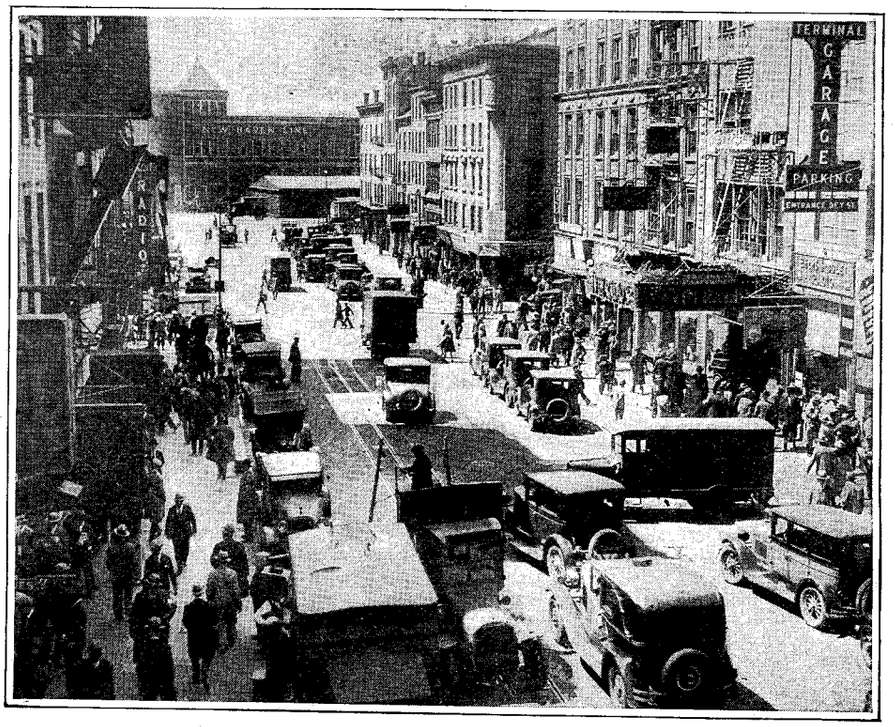

All the Loud Speakers on Cortland Street, New York City, Are Fed from the Same Station

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The World This Week

Byrd's Party Sails

It is not too much to say that Commander Byrd's expedition to the Antarctic is planned on the most extensive scope of any proposed exploration in our time. Before this is read its first unit, the supply steamer Samson, will probably be under way. Its new name is to be the City of New York, in honor of New Yorkers who have been and are "the friendly hosts of all pioneers of the air."

Following the vanguard there will sail a quite notable group of scientists, airmen to assist Byrd and Balchen in their many flights from the established headquarters, and a really amazing equipment of everything that can aid thorough exploration and the recording of data geographic, meteorogical, geological, and otherwise.

Despite what has been gleaned by Mawson, Shackleton, Scott, and Amundsen, a large body of new information of positive value is almost certainly obtainable in this last unexplored continent.

At a dinner in New York Commander Byrd, modestly and with glowing tribute to his predecessors in the South Pole region, pointed out the difference between the old and the new possibilities of exploration. "When we reach our base," he said, "we will be on the very edge of a region never looked upon before, so far as we know, by the human eye, unless it was before the ice age took hold of that country. The very moment we get into the air in our planes, with our automatic mapping camera, we can map unknown areas and put on the charts for all time a description of those areas. The old dog team method of exploration was eleven miles a day, whereas we will be exploring and mapping at the astonishing rate of a mile and a half a minute."

The base of operation is the Bay of Whales, 2,300 miles from New Zealand. Cabins will be erected on the vast Ross Ice Barrier. A wireless mast will keep the expedition in touch with civilization —messages may be sent 10,000 miles or so to America. Airplanes and dog-teams will help in laying down advance bases and even so the final air flights will be a thousand miles. Commander Byrd ended his vivid description by saying: "And through it all the spirit of Floyd Bennett, that gallant gentleman of the air, will go with us."

In this kind of work at least two years will be expended. In all human likelihood the result will be not merely an exciting narrative of adventure but a solid contribution to human knowledge.

Unclaimed Cohen

Against Hyman Cohen stand six recommendations of London magistrates for deportation but they cannot find a place to which he may be deported. He is not a British subject; he grins and refuses to claim citizenship anywhere, and no country can be found willing to admit him.

Cohen is believed to be a Russian; but Russia denies it, and will not have him at any price. (He has just finished a term in jail for theft.) No other country will even talk about admitting Cohen until he signs papers claiming residence, and he contumaciously declines to sign anything. In old times he would have been forced by physical severity to consent to be a Frenchman, Pole, or Russian but, as Gilbert would say, he still remains an Englishman—at least as far as residence goes.

All the magistrates can do is to shake their heads solemnly and agree that England seems to be a center for persons who ought to be deported. The Home Secretary has admitted in the House of Commons that there are in England a number of aliens of Russian origin, most undesirable to keep but, like Cohen, impossible to deport.

Philippine Advisers

Friendly cooperation between the Philippine Legislature and the Governor-General of the Philippines seems to have already been established by Governor-General Stimson. The best sign of this is the passage of an act by the Legislature providing for the payment of salaries to assistants of the Governor-General—an act which has met with Mr. Stimson's approval. This promises a real advance toward better government in the Islands.

Because the Governor-General is answerable to the President of the United States, the Philippine Legislature has attempted to curtail his power. There was friction between the Legislature and the Governor-General throughout General Wood's term. Since the Governor-General cannot be in several places at once he has needed a corps of assistants to carry on the work of inspection and thus to keep local administrators up to the mark. The Legislature would appropriate no money for such assistants. General Wood had to call in the help of Army officers and therefore was laid open to the charge of carrying on "khaki government."

The new assistant to the Governor-General will consist not only of inspectors but of specialists as advisers in various departments, such as finance and agriculture.

There would have been a certain advantage in having the money appropriated by the United States; but evidently Governor-General Stimson believes that these advantages are outweighed by the spirit in which the Legislature has acted. In his message approving the appropriation Mr. Stimson says: "In the last instance good government depends even more upon the spirit which pervades it than upon its form, and I regard this action as a most encouraging augury for the future."

He does not intend to appoint a corps of permanent advisers. Instead he will use the appropriation for engaging such advisers as are needed from time to time for as long as their services are required.

The amount appropriated, $125,000, is likely to be continued. In the event of any future failing to make the appropriation, the appropriation of the year before, under the organic act of the Philippines, is renewed.

This settlement of an old controversy apparently has met with the approval of Americans in the Philippines as well as the Filipinos themselves.

On Hiring a Hall

The Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton mounted the resounding pulpit in Calvary Baptist Church, Manhattan. He had been reading William Allen White's charges against Governor Smith and of their subsequent partial withdrawal. Said the eminent Fundamentalist, in a breathless sentence:

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"However clean personally the Democratic candidate may be, and however innocent he may have been of any deliberate intention to give aid and comfort to the forces of vice, lawlessness and drunkenness, nevertheless, because he is the type of politician he happens to be and because his sympathies and the judgments of his heart are with the liquor crowd, the forces of prostitution and gambling have, for the sake of truth, to be included with them, therefore it must be said that as a public man he is the deadliest foe in America to-day of the forces of moral progress and true political wisdom."

Dr. Straton promptly got a letter from Albany.

"I do not know why you should make such a statement," wrote Governor Smith, "but I do know that I will never permit it to go unchallenged. . . I therefore ask you in a spirit of American fair play to invite me to your church . . . and I ask you to make the same statement in my presence with such proof of its truth as you may be able to advance. I will be ready to answer any question you may put to me which, in your opinion, will in any degree tend to justify your remarks."

When the letter came Dr. Straton was thinking of ways to get Henry Fairfield Osborne into a joint debate about evolution and the Biblical story of creation. He put that scheme away for the moment.

"I thought the Governor would act just as he did," he told the ubiquitous reporters.

Then he replied to Governor Smith, definitely accepting the challenge. But as to Calvary Baptist Church—its pews would never hold the crowd.

"Let the meeting be held, therefore, in Madison Square Garden, or other suitable, very large hall, with a division of the sittings—say, 3,000 for our Calvary members and friends, and the same number for, say, the St. Patrick's Cathedral congregation and your friends—the other 20,000 sittings to be equally divided between Democratic and Republican headquarters for distribution."

Another good idea, Dr. Straton thought, would be a joint debating tour of the South.

Governor Smith vetoed the tour and the hiring of a hall. Friends said he was not minded to turn the debate "into a circus." He knows, and so does his opponent, that whatever they say, wherever they say it, will receive adequate publicity.

▸▸ *Straton and Marse Henry's Papers*

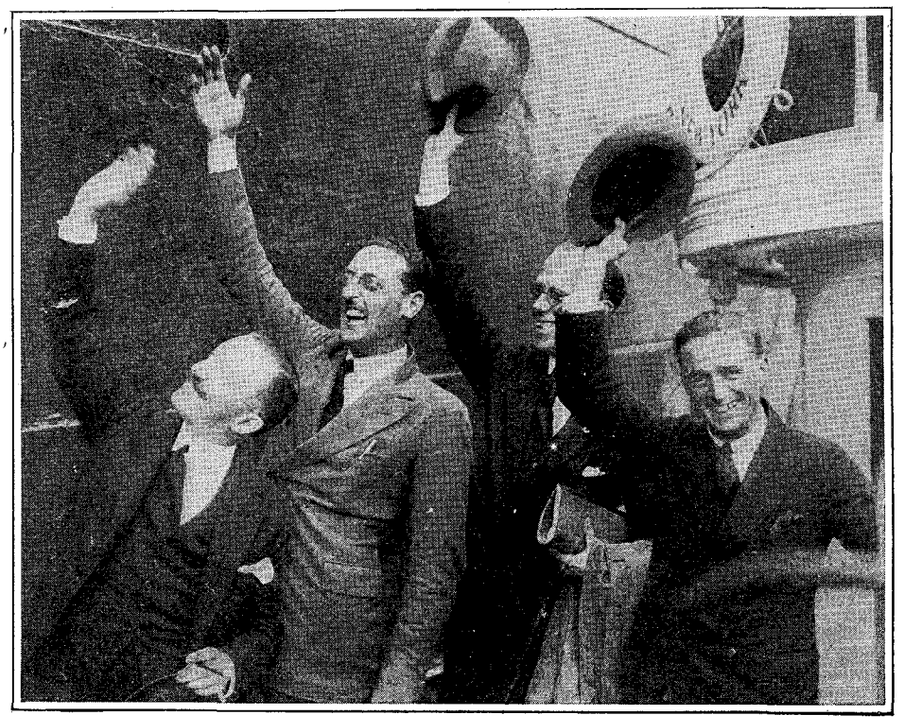
THE Courier-Journal of Louisville used to be quoted on every sort of subject because of the name of its editor-in-chief, Henry Watterson. Recently, it has been infrequently quoted, though the man who writes most of its editorials now wrote most of them when Mr. Watterson was alive. That the old fire still flashes at times is proved by a recent editorial on the Rev. John Roach Straton's vilification of Governor Smith and the Governor's desire to reply. Said the Courier-Journal:

"Governor Smith makes a mistake in challenging the Rev. John Roach Straton to debate the slanders regarding the Governor which the minister delights to voice from his pulpit. For the Governor thus to dignify a characteristic performance of Straton is to give it attention and advertisement transcendently beyond its deserts. In fact, it has no deserts. Straton is a sensational pulpiteer who glories in notoriety. Nothing would make him happier than an opportunity to debate his pulpit vituperation with a candidate for the Presidency. . . . Everyone who knows Smith's public record knows how baseless those charges are, while proof of their baselessness would have no effect on those of the minister's congregation who unquestioningly accept his leadership. . . . There are scores of preachers throughout the country who are uttering just as wild slanders against him as those of Dr. Straton. Many of these preachers are just as intelligent, just as influential . . . just as much worthy of notice by the object of their attacks as the New York preacher is. . . . He would much better go his way in silence, letting the preachers go theirs in sound."

That from an influential newspaper in the "Baptist belt"—a paper which in this campaign is non-partisan and trying to hold the scales evenly between Smith and Hoover—does not tend to strengthen the impression that the election of a President is to be much influenced from a church in Fifty-seventh Street, New York City. By inference, the Courier-Journal says what many people over the country are thinking—that the Smith management is magnifying the importance of everything pertaining to New York.

▸▸ *Mr. Hoover Accepts*

PROSPERITY is the key in which Mr. Hoover sets the opening of his Speech of Acceptance. The material progress of the country during the past eight years he attributes largely to the "leadership and constructive action" of the Republican Party. By this prosperity he would have the party's record tested. But this prosperity he does not conceive merely as an accumulation



Acme

THE COURTNEY CREW ARRIVE IN NEW YORK
After Their Disabled Plane Was Picked Up in Mid-ocean

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of material things. "Our Nation," he says, "is not an agglomeration of railroads, of ships, of factories, of dynamos, of statistics. It is a nation of homes, a nation of men, of women, of children."

For the continuance of this prosperity he sets up a goal of this ideal: "One of the oldest and perhaps the noblest of human aspirations has been the abolition of poverty. . . . We have not yet reached the goal but given a chance to go forward with the policies of the last eight years, and we shall soon with the help of God be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation."

To farm relief he gives more space than to any other subject. "In my mind," he says, "most agricultural discussions go wrong because of two false premises. The first is that agriculture is one industry. It is a dozen distinct industries incapable of the same organization. The second false premise is that rehabilitation will be complete when it has reached a point comparable with pre-war. Agriculture was not upon a satisfactory basis before the War."

He is emphatically against trying to remedy conditions by increasing the size of farm units.

"The farm is more than a business; it is a state of living. We do not wish it converted into a mass production machine." Improvement, therefore, he believes, must come in the field of distribution. To this end he proposes three things: adequate farm tariffs, modernized waterways, and a Farm Board. To the Board he would entrust the expenditure of Federal money especially for farmer-owned and farmer-controlled stabilization corporations. With the objection that this would be expensive he has little patience."

"A nation," he asserts, "which is spending ninety billions a year can well afford an expenditure of a few hundred millions for a workable program that will give to one-third of its population their fair share of the nation's prosperity." Mr. Hoover is evidently a spender when he sees returns for expenditure.

On giant power and utilities he builds up a design of vast projects coordinating water transportation, irrigation, reclamation, water supply, hydroelectric power, and flood control. He omits all reference to power control, but he may have that important issue in mind when he promises later discussion of the relation of our Government to public utilities.

Nott in the Dallas News

May Be No Mud Slinging But Bricks Are Not Barred

On prohibition he repeats his statement of opposition to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and adds: "Common sense compels us to realize that grave abuses have occurred—abuses which must be remedied. An organized searching investigation of fact and causes can alone determine the wise method of correcting them. . . . There are those who do not believe in the purposes of several provisions of the Constitution. No one denies their right to seek to amend it. They are not subject to criticism for asserting that right. But the Republican Party does deny the right of anyone to seek to destroy the purposes of the Constitution by indirection."

He is emphatic for religious tolerance: "My ancestors were persecuted for their beliefs. . . . By blood and conviction I stand for religious tolerance both in act and in spirit. The glory of our American ideals is the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience."

These are the outstanding points in Mr. Hoover's Speech of acceptance as The Outlook sees them.

Marcus in the New York Times

Visiting Strange Countries is Very Popular with Summer Tourists

Mid-West Speculations

The farm revolt from Republicanism in the Middle West grows, though by just how much cannot yet be determined. Half a score or more of farm organization leaders, heretofore Republican, have joined George N. Peek in announcing support of Governor Smith. This despite the Democratic candidate's declaration that he does not favor the equalization fee. Among these new adherents of the Democratic candidate are men from Minnesota, Indiana, Ohio.

For some time past, the hotbed of the agrarian revolt has been in Minnesota, one of the most important of the wheat States. Minnesota, too, is credited with somewhat wet inclinations. A Smith victory in that State would not, to many observers, seem surprising despite its usual large Republican majority.

In Indiana, the situation is different. Indiana is unquestionably dry. It is not a one-crop State or purely an agricultural State of diversified crops. Yet word has been coming out of Indiana during the past few weeks that Smith has better than an even chance to carry the State.

When one stops to think, astonishment over this tends to disappear. Indiana has had a terribly corrupt mess during the past few years under Republican rule. Indiana Republicanism was allied with the Ku Klux Klan, and the Ku Klux Klan was allied with the dry cause. The people of Indiana, taking the three steps backward—or forward—may well have revolted. Then, too, rural disaffection toward Hoover has always been fairly strong there. Perhaps most important of all, just about half of the people of Indiana are by doctrine Democrats. Many of these, for practical reasons, have been sojourning in the Republican tent.

Italy's F-14

On the morning of August 6, during naval maneuvers in the upper Adriatic, the Italian submarine, F-14, was sunk in a collision. Thirty-four hours later

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she was brought to the surface, the rescue work having been carried on with skill as well as desperation. But it was too late; the twenty-seven members of the crew had perished from chlorine gas generated by the seepage of salt water on the sulphuric acid of the storage batteries.

The people of America, reading of the tragedy, could sympathize to the fullest degree with Italy's sorrow. And there was more, perhaps, than the usual perfunctory regret in the messages sent by this government to Premier Mussolini and the Italian naval authorities. For it is less than a year since the S-4 of the United States Navy went to the bottom off Provincetown with forty men on board. They, too, were dead before help came.

The speed with which the Italian experts raised the F-14 has necessarily brought back memories of the agonizing delays which surrounded the salvage of the S-4. If the Italian navy did the work in thirty-four hours why was it three months before the S-4 was floated? Examination of the facts surrounding the two accidents offers at least a partial answer. In the first place, the Italian submersible sank during maneuvers with many vessels in the vicinity. The S-4 was quite alone, on a practice cruise. The F-14, moreover, was but one-third as large as the S-4. Thirdly, it sank in such a manner that chains were easily placed around the hull. The S-4 was buried in the mud.

And yet one fact stands out; the Italian Navy had salvage equipment and we did not. The Falcon was the only ship available on the Atlantic Coast. Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, at first insisting that no possible blame could rest on the Navy Department, has apparently since decided that additional rescue vessels are needed. It was announced last May that five such are being equipped. Meanwhile a board of experts is conducting a study of submarine safety devices. It is to be hoped that, in building the vessels and making the study, speed is being considered. Another submarine may sink any day.

▸▸ *Missouri Primaries*

THE Missouri primaries did not strengthen the contention that the country, on a straight wet and dry showdown, would prove itself wet. Missouri is one of the States that has been confidently claimed as wet. Perhaps only New York, New Jersey and Maryland have been asserted to be wetter. Yet, in both the Democratic and the Republican primaries, the drys had all the best of the voting.

In the contest for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator, Charles M. Hay, dry, defeated James A. Collett, wet. The majority was small, but it was a clear gain for the drys. Six years ago, the wets had a majority among Missouri Democrats and nominated James A. Reed. In the contest just ended, Senator Reed used all of his influence and persuasive powers in support of the wet candidate, Mr. Collett. Undoubtedly, Collett's vote was larger than it would have been without Reed's support. But Reed's popularity in his own State is now so far short of what it was six years ago that his influence in behalf of Collett was probably not as potent as it was commonly supposed to be.

In the Republican race for the senatorial nomination, Roscoe C. Patterson, dry, defeated Nathan Frank, dripping wet, and David M. Proctor, not so wet, by a very substantial majority. The drys have for some time had a majority among Missouri Republicans. The dripping wet candidate this time received about the same number of votes that the dripping wet candidate received in 1922, the last race in which there was a clear showdown on the issue.

"On the face of the returns," it appears that the Republican party in Missouri has not absorbed any moisture and that the Democratic party there has been considerably dehydrated during the past six years.

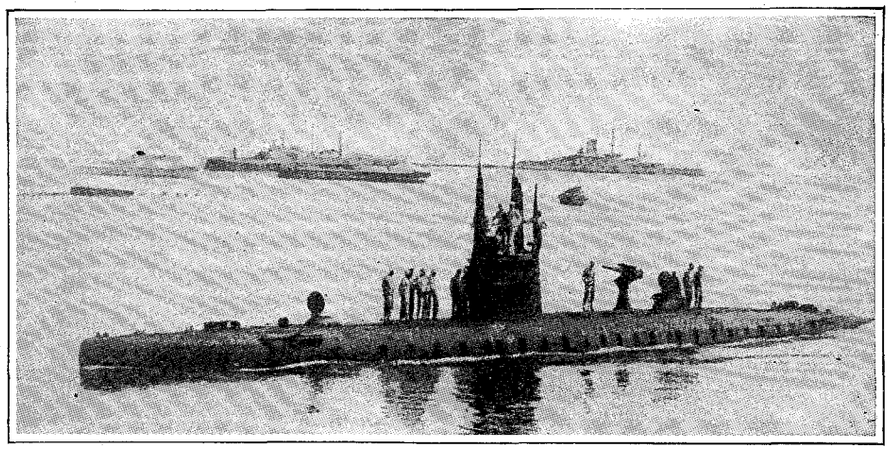
The wet and dry issue was not so clear cut in the Gubernatorial races but there appears to be nothing in the results particularly comforting to the wets.

▸▸ *Are New England's Textile Mills Doomed?*

A SIGNIFICANT fact in the strike in the fine-cotton textile mills at New Bedford and the agitation and unrest at Fall River is that there is division and ill feeling between the local unions and the radical (or Red) labor leaders from outside. Thus the "Springfield Republican," quoting President Green of the Federation of Labor as saying that "the Communists are helping the textile workers of New Bedford," comments editorially that this has led to denouncement of the strike as "a Red menace" and adds: "As a matter of fact, it is an old-fashioned Yankee mill strike against a cut in wages initiated by conservative, skilled operatives who are American to the bone."

This double aspect of the strike led to varying testimony before the State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration, which took up inquiry into the strike at New Bedford under a State law which gives it that power when a strike exists and the parties to it cannot themselves agree on settlement or arbitration. One communist leader from New Jersey apparently ignored the economic situation and charged that "unemployment, low pay, night work, child labor, spying by hired detectives on employees and general bad conditions existed before the strike." Many non-partisan citizens resent this agitation from outside and believe that the mill-workers and employers should be left to settle their own affairs.

One proposal made by the mill-owners at this hearing was that the employees should accept lower wages but



Acme

THE F-14

Italian submarine sunk with all hands in the Adriatic.

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work longer time, or, at least, produce a greater amount, so that the week's wages would remain as they were before the cut. This was coldly received by the workers.

The importance of this labor war may be judged from the fact that 28,000 operatives are involved, and that at Fall River, where a cut in wages was accepted, there have since been turbulent scenes and fights between police and workers, led or instigated by the Communist element.

One representative of the mill-owners before the State Board was sceptical as to compromise of any sort, and declared that if the ten per cent wage cut was not accepted, the mills would have to leave New England because of inability to make a profit—presumably to be reestablished in the South.

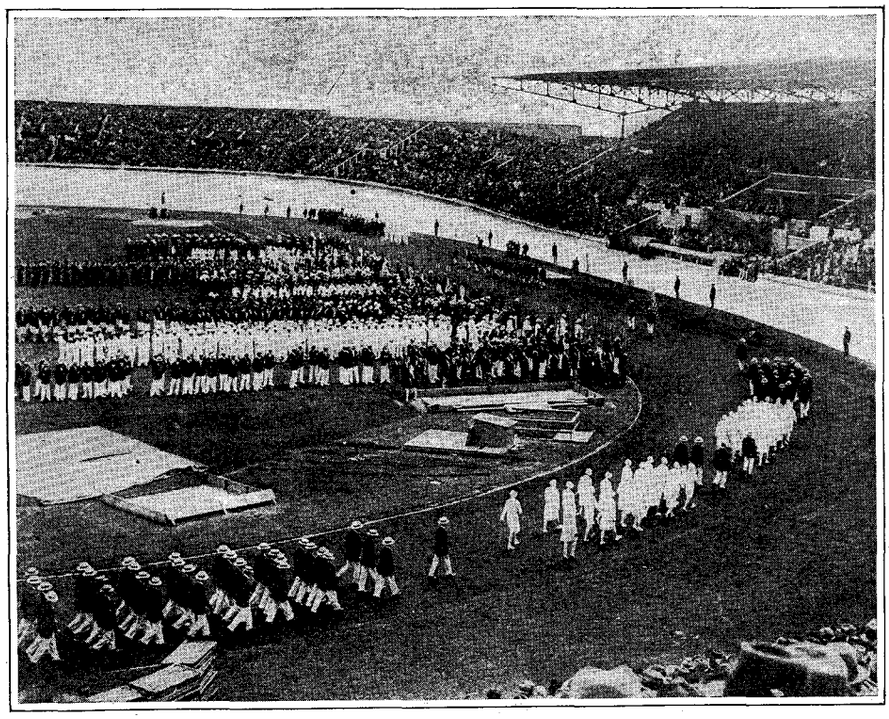
Both parties in this controversy talk about its being "a fight to the finish." Other people hope that the State Board of Arbitration will point the way to a fair settlement.

▶▶ *Police as Insurance*

More and more police are needed, a sub-commission of the New York Crime Commission urges, to stand between the criminal and the community.

Crime now costs the country about $13,000,000,000 a year. This includes not only loss of stolen goods but the cost of jails, courts, and police, and all activities connected with crime. There are better ways of spending $13,000,000,000 the sub-commission believes. For every one chance of being held up and robbed in London there are thirty-six chances in New York and one hundred chances in Chicago. In all England and Wales during 1918 the homicides, murders and cases of manslaughter were 154, while in New York City alone they amounted to 221. We should go about stamping out crime as we go about stamping out disease. We need not only more police but better police, and they can be made better by training. There should be two policemen for every thousand inhabitants and there should be police training schools under the direction of the State. Promotion should be made only after the candidate meets standards to be set by the Board of Regents. A part of the duty of the police should be to lead and educate the public to a better understanding of the prevention of crime. Other features in the training of policemen should be to learn how to be a witness, how trials are conducted, health laws, first aid, traffic laws, and how to safeguard evidence.

Much of the work of the police is for the service of the law-abiding citizen and for that too the policeman needs training.



Keystone

THE AMERICAN OLYMPIC TEAM

Marching Around the Stadium at Amsterdam Before the Games

▶▶ *"Nordic Supremacy"*

A brown-skinned Algerian led the marathon pack at Amsterdam; behind him loped a dark-skinned Chilean; then a Nordic crossed the line; then two yellow-skinned Japanese; then Joie Ray, another Nordic and favored to win.

About the same time, at the Williamstown Institute, Prof. Robert D. McKenzie, of the University of Washington, was saying:

"The general assumption that peoples with superior technical culture are superior to peoples without has no scientific validity. The concept that the Nordic is superior to the Oriental because he has more and larger industries has no basis in science. The Nordic happened to be the first to use mechanical energy and just happened to have the resources of energy and he then got the lead over the rest of the world in the nineteenth century that has given him the "big head." Now he tries to explain this on the basis of race.

Furthermore, all scientific efforts to study mental differences between peoples of the West and Oriental peoples show there is no biological superiority of the white man. It is very evident that Orientals, once they get the scientific spirit that dominates the West, will equal the white man in any kind of effort, whether cultural, commercial or scientific. The white man's advantage rests merely in the fact that he got the start.

"There is much confusion between race and nationality anyway. Peoples develop certain cultures, and because these cultures differ, the assumption is that this is due to racial differences. The rapid spread of technical culture, especially in Japan, is dissipating that fallacy."

Perhaps the most convincing argument against Nordic supremacy has been its chief exponent—the disappearing Ku Klux Klan.

▶▶ *Labor and the Candidates*

The great voice of organized labor, the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, will not speak its mind about the presidential candidates; not, at any rate, before the candidates themselves have spoken.

Within the ranks, however, lesser voices have been heard. Daniel J. Tobin, president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, worked himself into a rage in an attempt to commit the Federation to Governor Smith; failing he presented his resignation as

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treasurer and added that there would be no neutrality among the teamsters.

Similarly, the General Executive Council of the International Association of Bridge, Structural, and Ornamental Iron Workers authorized their president to recommend Smith to members, and placed at the disposal of the Democratic forces their forty travelling organizers.

The official pronouncement of the Federation says as to the candidates:

"We firmly expect each of them will make declarations of great significance to labor. We anticipate they will express their opinions regarding injunction relief legislation and will amplify the declarations of the platforms relating to labor and labor questions. We will await . . . a final decision regarding our future policy during the remainder of the campaign."

The Federation is not satisfied with the injunction plank of either party.

Acme

THE INSTIGATOR OF THE OBREGON ASSASSINATION

The Abbess Maria Acevedo de la Llata, Who Suggested to Toral That the Death of Obregon and Calles Would Remedy Mexico's Religious Troubles

▸▸ *Variation on A Theme*

THE troupers are worried. Along came the movie and the curtain fell forever on a certain type of road show. Along comes another invention and there is immediate talk of substituting talking movies for the road companies of Broadway successes. Prophets foresee the day when only the biggest cities will see the troupers in the flesh.

Three important producers — Al Woods, the Shuberts, and W. A. Brady —have gone beyond the stage of talking about it. They have purchased their own reproducing process and announced several of their early productions. They do not, moreover, mean to limit themselves to their own plays.

Maybe the troupers should be worried.

▸▸ *Crusade Falters*

IT begins to appear that His Imperial Majesty, George the Fifth of England, will claim Chicago for the Empire after all. The defenders of "America First," the very leaders of the crusade, are being laid by the heels by the royal minions.

There is Mr. Michael Go Get 'Em Hughes, police commissioner; he is that no longer. There are the Ellers, father and son; one the captain of that spawning bed of patriotism, the "Bloody Twentieth," the other His Honor Emanuel Eller, of the Superior Court. Both afoul of the law, along with twenty other valiants. Even the commander, His Honor the Mayor, is not well these days; sick, it may be, of ingratitude.

Mr. Go Get 'Em Hughes is that scourge of malefactors who was to rid the city of evil just so soon as Big Bill the Builder became mayor and four-star general of the American forces. Ninety days was time enongh for Go Get 'Em Hughes, said the Builder, in his pre-election bulletins.

A year and more has been added to criminal history since His Imperial Majesty and His Honor the Mayor joined battle. The record of 1926 shows 1,438 violent deaths in Chicago and Cook County. There were 760 deaths which could be classed as murder. More than a third of these latter cases were entered as unsolved mysteries. Convictions were obtained in about twenty-two per cent of the others, mostly as a result of pleas of guilty to lesser crimes. For 760 murders there were ten hangings.

Included in the total of violent deaths were 130 gang murders. Not a man has been punished for any of these, not one conviction obtained.

"The only thing a Chicago gunman has to fear is another Chicago gunman," says a historian of the campaign.

So Mr. Go Get 'Em Hughes has laid down his task, finding his health unequal to it. The Ellers and twenty others are under indictment, as a result of an investigation of frauds, kidnappings, sluggings, and a murder in the "Bloody Twentieth" on primary day.

A special Grand Jury, supported by public contributions, seems to be directly responsible for the setback to the great crusade.

▸▸ *The New Ben Franklin*

SOME weeks ago a note was published in these columns concerning a plan of some scientist-engineers of a large electrical company to make experiments with actual lightning in Tennessee. Experiments of a similar nature made in the Alleghenies of Pennsylvania have just been described by Dr. F. W. Peek, Jr., of the General Electric Company, noted authority on artificial lightning and electricity at high voltages. A flash of lightning exerts a serious and often damaging influence on high tension power transmission lines, but electrical engineers have remained largely in the dark concerning the proper methods of protecting them. This was largely because they did not know what actually happened when the lightning struck.

We are accustomed to think of electricity as flowing along a conductor at a relatively steady uniform rate much as water flows in a pipe. However, when high tension transmission lines

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are struck by lightning, the electricity in them actually surges violently back and forth from end to end, like water in a bathtub, and with great violence. It is the degree of this violence that the experimenters have just measured. They find the surge of voltage or electric pressure on a 220,000 volt line runs up to as high as 2,500,000 volts. No wonder great damage is done. They also find by means of a delightfully simple physics laboratory apparatus known as the cathode ray oscillograph that these surges do all their damage in only forty millionths of a second. The tell-tale pointer in the oscillograph actually moves enough during that infinitesimal fraction of an instant to make an interpretable wavy record on a photographic plate. Of course no mechanical pointer could move that quickly, but the pointer of the cathode ray oscillograph is nothing but a tiny beam of rapidly flying electrons briefly swerved aside by the electric-magnetic forces of the lightning stroke. It is possible to shift such a pointer across a plate in a hundred millionth of a single second. To such an apparatus a second would be a geologic era.

Uncle Sam Acquires a Geyser

A SCIENTIST might be led to wonder if the new geyser at Yellowstone Park did not burst forth in honor of the presence in the park of Dr. Arthur L. Day, Director of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution, an authority on geysers and cognate subterranean manifestations. At any rate the Park now has a brand-new, A-number-one geyser with a crater one hundred feet wide and eight feet deep, and it indulges in three hours of play twice each day.

This is the largest, most frolicsome geyser in the world and the best kind of a publicity stunt for Yellowstone Park. Whether it will long endure or soon pass into history is a question no one can answer.

It takes peculiar conditions to make possible a geyser. There must be an open crack or passage in the rock leading down to hot rocks; also a constant supply of ground water. The action depends on a simple law of nature: water turns to steam at different temperatures with different pressures—in a teapot at atmospheric pressure at 212 degrees; in a vacuum at about 80 degrees; in a high-pressure locomotive boiler only at about 500 degrees. As the water in the quiescent geyser tube is heated to the point where it is just ready to turn to steam a little water is spilled off the top. The loss of water lowers the pressure only a trifle, but only a trifle is needed, so critical is the balance. Suddenly all the water near the bottom of the deep passage turns to steam, expanding as it does so nearly 2,000 times in volume. This blows out the rest of the water, leaving the passage quite empty. The process is repeated only when the passage fills again with water and when the latter becomes sufficiently heated.

With a few tubes and a fire it is easy to construct an artificial geyser in one's back yard.

Solomon the Horse Trader

Perhaps some of King Solomon's wisdom grew out of his extensive experience as a horse dealer. Some of his stables have just been excavated; these are found to be extensive, well-arranged, with massive stone hitching posts.

Curiously enough, these stables were uncovered in the exploration work which has been going on at Armageddon, whose Canaanite kings were vassals of ancient Egypt, while Solomon's horse business partly grew out of his marriage to the daughter of a Pharaoh at the time when Egypt bred the finest horses in the world.

No one knows much about the great battle at Armageddon which led to the use in "Revelations" of the name to symbolize mystically the final battle to be fought on the Day of Judgment. But there is no question that Megiddo is the Hebrew form of Armageddon. Now Megiddo is one of Solomon's "chariot cities" where Solomon bestowed horses and here (it seems certain) he sold some of the fine-bred horses he got from Egypt.

This interesting discovery has lately been described by Dr. James H. Breasted, who has been for several years directing operations under the auspices of the University of Chicago and the Rockefellers. Dr. Breasted remarks: "Few people are aware that Solomon, true to the instincts of his race, was not only an Oriental sovereign but likewise a successful merchant whose dealings extended into the neighboring kingdoms about Palestine. Not least of his about Palestine. Not least of his activities was his enterprise as a horse dealer."

Acme

PIERRE S. DUPONT
who will support Smith for the Presidency while on leave of absence from General Motors

Romantic Projects in Africa

AFRICA is two continents; her northern littoral belongs climatically as well as politically with Europe. A plan has been announced which would extend the Europe of this assumption by some 10,000 added square miles, flooding permanently that much of inner Algeria lying about 100 miles south of the site of ancient Carthage. The French Government is said to be interested in the proposal, not merely because it would provide an inland sea in the Sahara but because of the promised effect on the climate of that section of Algeria. The plan, of course, is not new; it has been suggested in one form or another many times. A similar plan to flood an area of the Libyan Desert was described in these columns last June, while a third plan has aroused a bitter controversy in recent years in South Africa, where the great Kalihari Desert occupies an immense area. Professor E. H. L. Schwarz, of the Cape of Good Hope, believes a diversion of the waters of two tributaries of the Zambesi River to form a large inland sea in the Kalihari would increase very largely the rainfall over a wide area and moisten the climate of a great part of the Union of South Africa. It is not difficult to point to several arms of the sea already juxtaposed to deserts which do modify their climates, and since Africa is the next continent scheduled for exploitation it is not unlikely that efforts to modify the climate will be made before many years.

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Editorials

Russia and the Outlawry of War

WHETHER Soviet Russia should be invited with the other Powers to Paris to sign the treaty renouncing war has suddenly become a matter of excited discussion. Consistently, the past three Administrations at Washington have held that, before there can be any question of "recognizing" Soviet Russia, the Soviet Government must recognize Russian debts to the United States and its citizens, must either restore the private property of Americans confiscated in the Bolshevik revolution or make compensation for it, and must cease to countenance or support the Third Communist International and its campaign against other existing governments. In other words, the Soviet Commissars must take action which would create the confidence in their good faith and intentions that the United States now lacks. For the rest, as Secretary Kellogg has said, Soviet Russia is not only free to sign the treaty against war, but would be welcome in doing so. There the matter stands.

SOME of the European Powers have evinced a certain uneasiness about Soviet Russia and an anxiety to have her invited. They are closer to her; she can more readily cause them embarrassment; and with probably no more trust in her good will and honesty than Washington has, they have been inclined to try the doubtful game of conciliating her on the chance of gaining some advantage.

In refusing to recognize the Soviet government we are not attempting to dictate to Russia how she shall manage her internal institutions. If she wishes to do away with the institution of private property that is her affair. We are not even suggesting that she restore to Russians the right of property. Much less are we suggesting that she allow freedom of speech or press, or substitute our ideas of law. We have nothing whatever to do with her internal régime.

Nor are we attempting to force on behalf of Americans a rule of property which is denied to Russians. If Russia wants to keep foreigners from acquiring property in her territory, that, too, is her affair.

Nor, yet, are we assuming a moral attitude. There is no assumption of superior virtue on our part. We are not pretending to be a judge.

All that we insist on is that she fulfill the obligations that Russia as a state among other states has accepted. If she wishes to refuse to recognize those obligations, she has no right to complain if we refuse to have official dealings with her. The price of isolation is isolation.

Critics of Secretary Kellogg argue that he is making a mistake in ignoring the largest nation in Europe while inviting other nations to renounce war, and that it is a stupid mistake because the Soviet Government wants an invitation.

WHAT are the facts? After delicate negotiations to draft a treaty acceptable to all the fifteen nations first invited, and also to that most uncertain body—the United States Senate—the Soviet Government shows an interest in the proposed agreement and a readiness to sign it. At the same time, the Moscow Commissariat for Foreign Affairs indicates that changes in the treaty would be desirable. It would mean delay to submit these changes to all the governments which have accepted the treaty as it stands, and risk of endangering everything that has been achieved. On this count alone, the Russian request has no standing.

But it is ridiculous and silly, the critics continue, to refuse recognition of the Soviet Government at least to the extent of inviting its representative to sign the treaty without suggesting changes. It implies a senseless refusal to admit that the Soviet Government exists. This, of course, is meaningless. The trouble comes from the use of the word "recognition." Naturally, everyone admits the existence of the Soviet and recognizes that it is in charge of Russia. In practical diplomacy, however, "recognition" means relations. And in quite simple language, several Secretaries of State—Democratic and Republican—have said that the United States does not wish to have relations with the Soviet Government unless it changes its stand on certain points.

Mr. Hoover and the Issues

MANY people will get their impressions of Mr. Hoover's speech of acceptance at second hand. They will read the headlines, or some abstract of the address, or some editorial comment upon it. If they are content with doing that, then, when they come to vote they will be registering not their own opinions, but the opinions of other people. In the opinion of The Outlook, however, every self-respecting voter should read this speech himself and make his own decision. For Mr. Hoover says many incontrovertible things. The country is prosperous as never before. The National debt has been reduced. Savings deposits have increased. The hours of labor have been shortened. Dishonesty in government is wrong. So is religious intolerance. The countryside has been knit together with beautiful roads. The cities are erecting magnificent new buildings. We have seven million radios in our homes. The home is the sanctuary of our loftiest ideals.

Unquestionably. And yet, these are truisms and the party man's conventional claims for his party. In the campaign, so far, there are three salient issues—farm relief so called, prohibition, and power control. Mr. Hoover approaches the first with the declaration that farming is not a business; it is a way of life. Its ills are not to be cured by the application of mergers and mass production. If he refers the ultimate answer to a future Federal Farm Board; if his own solution is not complete; then so is the farm problem incompletely understood. What Mr. Hoover has to say about it, in the meantime, is interesting and important.

On the second issue: Prohibition, Mr. Hoover repeats, is a "great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose." He is as definitely dry as Governor Smith is definitely wet.

On the third, Mr. Hoover, the engineer, shows his grasp of the problems of water supply, hydro-electric power, irrigation, flood control and transportation. He sees their interrelation and the vastly important possibilities of their coordination. But in this first address to the country, he does not mention power control—whether the source of power should be vested with the people or with public utilities. He gives only a promise to deal with "the relation of our government to public utilities" in a later speech.

We recommend that every voter read this first document from Mr. Hoover—and clear his mind for discussion.

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From Overseas

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

EUROPE, so far as I can observe, thinks that there is only one critical question in the elections in the United States—prohibition.

In Great Britain, France, and Germany, most attention has been paid to the differences in the stands of the two candidates on this subject. Now, from so far away as Czechoslovakia, comes comment from the semi-official "Central European Observer" of Prague, on the American campaign which, the editor says, "is going to be, we are told, a giants' battle":

"Mr. Hoover, in spite of his great popularity, may find it not an easy task to beat Governor Smith. To millions of Americans Governor Smith will appeal as the champion of popular liberties, as tribune of the people. . . . While Mr. Hoover will extol the blessings of the Republican régime, Mr. Smith is determined, if chosen as President, to fight for such changes in the National Prohibition Act as will constitute a safe and sensible solution of a condition which he is entirely convinced is unsatisfactory to the great mass of American people. And this, in our judgment, seems to be the issue."

Obviously—since it has become evident that neither party would make any great change in the protective tariff—prohibition is the matter that most interests Europeans, since modification of the present law might lead to a revival of their formerly profitable trade in wines, ale, and beer.

EVIDENTLY the conflict between the Catholic Church and the present Government in Mexico is far from any hope of adjustment. Whatever might have been the prospects under President-elect Obregon, his assassination and the charge of President Calles that Catholics were responsible for it have greatly intensified bad feeling—so much so that the semi-official organ of the Vatican in Rome, the "Osservatore Romano," has come out with a counter-implication that President Calles, or men and organizations close to him, planned the crime.

In two leading articles, this authoritative paper has reviewed the evidence regarding the plot, and interpreted it to mean that members of the Labor party—Trejo and Castros, by name—were intrusted with the mission to stir up the assassin, Toral, to supply him with his revolver, and to introduce him into the banquet hall where he shot Obregon. But, says the "Osservatore," more bullets than Toral fired pierced Obregon, and it hints that a certain Juan Escapulario—the name at first given out as a false name assumed by Toral—was in fact an army officer, who was among the first arrested but was released on the intervention of the Minister of War. Since that time, the paper continues, nothing more has been heard of him; official blame has been thrown on Catholics by endeavors to show that Toral's visits to a fanatical Mother Superior of a convent and to members of the clergy roused him to his act.

The "Osservatore" then goes on to assert that Calles tried to interfere with the regular course of justice, which has begun to discredit his accusations against the Catholics, and ends by suggesting that he was also "guilty of a similar crime against humanity, truth, and justice in November"—the bomb attempt to kill Obregon, which failed.

Since President Calles has established himself more and more firmly as the strongest man in Mexico in her emergency, it would seem that the strategists of the Holy See have abandoned for the present at least any idea of re-establishment of the Catholic Church in Mexico. But charges like this—especially against the head of a state—demand more than statement; they demand proof.

PUBLIC OPINION is more and more asserting itself in Japan. While the Japanese Government is opposing a reunion of Manchuria with Nationalist China, it is under a fire of criticism from several papers in its own country, showing that business circles are awake to the harm which a policy still further exciting Chinese feeling against Japan may do to Japanese enterprises and trade.

At the same time, the Japanese press has begun to speculate upon the effect of the signature by the United States of a new tariff treaty with China. The Tokyo "Asahi," a liberal independent paper, says that the American action saves the Nanking Government from embarrasment over its abrogation of the Chinese-Japanese commercial treaty, and gives it a chance to pursue the old Chinese policy of setting one foreign country against another. Japan will certainly be embarrassed by the move, it continues, but Premier Tanaka's policy is to blame for Japan's awkward position. The "Jiji Shimpo," an independent conservative paper of large circulation, influential in business and political circles, remarks:

"America's act is only a gesture, yet it succeeds because it gives to America the leadership, though it is devoid of real value."

The "Hochi Shimbun," an organ of the opposition party, considers it a mean trick of America, the nation which promoted the Washington Conference and signed the nine-power treaty regarding China, to try to alter the tariff situation regardless of other nations. Japanese-owned newspapers in northern China are bitter in their expressions of opinion. They assert that the United States has committed an almost unfriendly act, tending to capitalize Chinese good will into commercial profits at the expense of the Japanese. Chinese papers, naturally, have greeted the American act with satisfaction.

THE "Green International" represents in Europe the farm problem which the old continent shares with America. It is an interesting organization, with possibilities of significance, a loose association of farmers of a number of European countries intended to promote unified action so far as possible in policies affecting agrarian interests. Conservative and independent, it tends like most bodies of farmers to be suspicious of organizations in other fields. But recently it has taken a step in advance by voting to co-operate with the International Labor Bureau under the League of Nations at Geneva in matters concerning farm workers and social policies. This action at a conference in Austria indicates an increase of strength and self-confidence that may begin to make the farmers' International more of a force in European affairs.

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What the Country Is Thinking

A Review of Editorial Opinion

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

MR TUNNEY and Mr. Tilden — especially Mr. Tunney—have come close to sharing lately with the Secretary of Commerce and the Governor of New York the glare of the Kleig lights that editorial writers cast on contemporary figures. Of course the Governor and the Secretary will remain after the philosophic pugilist and the temperamental tennis player have been engulfed in the shadows of public inattention. But neither athletics—whether professional or (save the mark!) amateur—nor politics has been occupying first place as a subject of general serious discussion, but rather—it may surprise you—foreign affairs. At least if foreign affairs have not been in the first place, the writers of editorials in the American press have guessed wrong. There have been more references perhaps to National politics, and what discussion of the Presidential campaign there has been have shown more flashes of heat; but the impression I get from reading over editorial pages in all sections of the country is that by common impulse the mind of America has been recently turned with sustained attention more to the affairs of other countries than to those that are strictly its own.

In the face of this fact to say that America seeks isolation seems to me absurd. We are not in the League of Nations, but we are as never before in the current of world thought.

AND we are thinking of other nations, apparently, without suspicion of their motives or intentions. Nowhere do I find a trace of that old sport of twisting the lion's tail. If a demagogue like Big Bill Thompson has the idea that there is political advantage in that naive form of entertainment—and after his late experience he probably has not now—the press of the country does not share it. American editors, and presumably Americans generally, breathe good will. We may be complacent. We are, on the whole, prosperous and therefore free from the temptation of envy. I do not say that our good will is essentially virtuous. But, at any rate, we are not looking for trouble.

Kellogg's multilateral treaty for renouncing war as an instrument of National policy has therefore made a great impression on the country. It seems to have been welcomed as a means of insuring good relations without inviting foreign entanglements. There is no partisanship in this. In fact, the severest criticism I have seen of the treaty is in an organ of Kellogg's own party—the New York "Tribune." Other newspapers—the Kansas City "Star," for instance—have issued mild warnings that a treaty of this sort cannot of itself take the place of measures for self-defense in case of emergency. Some papers have taken the occasion to have their fling at the so-called "isolationists" and stirred up memories of the campaign for American membership in the League of Nations. But both Leaguites and Anti-Leaguites of former days unite in the chorus of approval.

At the same time there are few if any signs of illusion about it. Nobody seems to think that it is anything like a final solution of the war problem. What is liked about it is that it seems to be a practical measure for strengthening the will of peace. It helps to put war further into the background of the international mind.

Lord Frederic Hamilton, in his chatty book, "The Vanished Pomps of Yesterday," tells of a Councillor of the Austrian Embassy who, being very deaf, "habitually shouted in a quarter-deck voice." One day when at work in the British Chancery, Lord Frederic heard the stentorian tones of the deaf count dictating this cipher telegram in the Austrian Chancery next door: "The Imperial Chancellor told me that under no circumstances whatever would Germany consent to this arrangement. If the proposal is pressed, Germany will resist it to the uttermost, if necessary by force of arms. The Chancellor in giving me this information," went on the strident voice, "impresses upon me how absolutely secret the matter must be kept. I need hardly inform your Excellency that this telegram is confidential to the highest degree."

THAT illustrates what is meant by war as an instrument of policy. "Each diplomat," as the "Morning Oregonian" of Portland, Oregon, says, "had in mind as a final argument the armed forces of his country in comparison with those of his opponent and, as he estimated his country's chance of success in war, he stood firm or yielded on the matter under negotiation. All signatories of the treaty will renounce that argument of force, that reliance on big battalions." This treaty, says the "Oregonian"—and other papers agree—means that and nothing more. It does not mean entanglements. It does not mean that we are trying to get something that other countries will give us only at a price—like for instance concessions in armaments. It does not mean, as the Chicago "Tribune" fears it may mean, going into the League of Nations by the back door. If it meant any of these things, as the St. Paul "Pioneer Press" smilingly notes, Borah would not be for it. No, it means simply the putting away of a threatening idea. Some call it a fine gesture. Even a courteous gesture promotes good relations.

Since European opinion seems to be that this treaty supersedes as a preventive of war even the League of Nations and the Locarno agreement, and that it makes in a sense America a dictator of peace, some fear is expressed in America that European nations will now ask for a settlement of debts and other favors as guarantees of our sincerity. Such fear is needless—that at least is the prevailing view in this country. The debts and other questions have nothing to do with a promise to put war as a national policy out of mind. Our Secretary of State should, he is counselled, keep to the single purpose that the treaty avows. The United States guarantees nothing. It simply joins with other nations in a common promise not to rattle the saber.

In this the United States, though the most powerful influence in successful negotiation, did not take the initiative. The anti-war agreement was first proposed by France. What the United States did was to make it an agreement not between two nations alone—as Briand, the French Foreign Minister, suggested—but among all nations that would join. There is another treaty, however, just signed which in its way is quite as significant,

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has called forth almost as much comment, and is the result of American initiative. This is the new treaty which our State Department has made with China.

For America's proposal to the newly established Chinese government I have been able to find nothing but praise. The New York "World," which not long ago was calling our Secretary of State, Nervous Nellie, congratulates Mr. Kellogg and calls his note proposing the treaty a "splendid job."

This is a treaty with the Nationalist government of China wiping out so far as the United States is concerned all former tariff limitations upon China and leaving her free to frame her own tariffs. It even apparently withdraws our gunboats from Chinese rivers. It, in fact, treats China as an independent nation capable of self-direction. It has, however, the common provision that the United States shall enjoy the benefits of the most favored nation. Consequently, until other nations agree to China's tariff autonomy China will not levy against our goods tariffs higher than those levied against the goods of other nations.

We have for many years had a sentimental as well as practical interest in China. Our policy of the "Open Door" even at the beginning was, of course, to our interest, but it was to the interest of the Chinese, too, and we took more satisfaction in contributing something to the maintenance of Chinese integrity than we did to our comparatively small trade—as it then was—with the Celestial Empire. We were building a continental empire of our own. Even when we rather harshly, but wisely, excluded the Chinese as immigrants to the United States, we thought benevolently, if rather condescendingly, of the Chinese in China. We returned our share of the Boxer indemnity as a pure act of friendship, and, since the funds thus relinquished were used for educating Chinese in this country, we had a good deal to do with molding the ideas of those who later became leaders in the new China. Then when the Republic so-called was formed we hailed it optimistically. We helped China get back Shantung and got nothing for doing so except such gratitude as nations give. More recently we have stood against intervention in China and blundered through the critical period of China's Nationalist uprising not always with the highest wisdom, but with the best of will. Other powers which have had more material interests at stake there than we have were provoked with us at on each of these occasions—some more, some less; for our policy has somewhat obstructed various plans for exploiting China at Chinese expense.

Public sentiment in America was therefore bound to give strong approval to this new move of American friendship for the Chinese. The only qualification in this approval that I have noted is a reference in the following comment of the Springfield (Massachusetts) "Republican":

"In a year of presidential elections it is inevitable that every praiseworthy act of an American administration should be ascribed to politics and the new Chinese policy of Secretary Kellogg, like his anti-war treaty, is being treated by the cynical as merely campaign material. But reform is reform even when it is inspired by desire to make a good record for an administration, and no partisan issue is involved either in the treaty renouncing war or in this new move to aid China in setting up a stable and sovereign government. The principles underlying both command general approval."

Whether this treaty frees China from her disabilities is not the point. It cannot do so by itself. What American opinion finds satisfactory in it is its evidence of American leadership. By this treaty America is the first to recognize formally as the real power in China the new government of the Nationalists. By it, also, America is the first to bring pressure upon the Western world to give China her freedom from the shackles of treaty tariffs. In recognizing the Nationalists America strengthens the hands of the Chinese moderates. In bringing pressure upon the Powers to renounce control over Chinese tariffs and other fiscal matters, America does her part in moving to carry out the promises made at the Washington Armament Conference.

If Japan thinks that this treaty is not quite friendly to her, she is mistaken. Because of what these Nationalists of China may try to do in Manchuria (where Japan has vital interests on account of her dependence on raw materials to be found there), Japan may not like our sudden locking of arms with those same Nationalists, but we really do not mean any offense. It is simply our way—rather impulsive it may seem to an Oriental, but meant well all around. Join us, we say in effect, and you will feel better. Nothing succeeds in business like friendliness; try it. As for possible trouble or even embarrassment—we reject the thought. That may not be the view of the State Department, but it is in substance the view of America as reflected in the press.

It is not to be supposed that there is no discussion of our Presidential campaign. But it is clear that it is all so far preliminary. There are the expected tributes to Hoover as a great Secretary of Commerce, as humanitarian, as scholar (joint translator with Mrs. Hoover of "De Re Metallica" by Georgius Agricola), as a schizoid (in contrast to Governor Smith as a syntonic), and as an exponent of the open official door. There are the denunciations and defenses of Tammany. There are the discussions pro and con of Raskob (who is evidently now next to the candidates as a figure of public interest). There are the usual arguments about prohibition without one single practical suggestion of a way out, if a way out is wanted. There are comments on Roy West, the new Secretary of the Interior, for whose appointment I have seen no defense. There are meditations and speculations about the South. There are some serious but not very illuminating discussions of the farm question. There are beatings about the tariff bush. And there are many comments on what might be called campaign amenities—the relative merits of the gray fedora and the brown derby, the uselessness of baby-kissing, the votes of the Smiths as compared with the votes of the Hoovers, the appropriateness or inappropriateness of having Hoover's portrait hung in the kitchen. It has been the season of political doldrums. There have been flurries here, and squalls there; but the gales have been waiting on the candidates' speeches.

One subject on which opinion seems to be crystallizing into unanimity is that the lawyers had better get busy reforming themselves and the law.

Another is that Mr. Tilden is no more an amateur than any one else who devotes all his time to a sport.

And finally and emphatically that Mr. Rickard needs no sympathy and that Mr. Tunney is well out of the prize ring.

And so we return to where we began.

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The Menace in Doubles

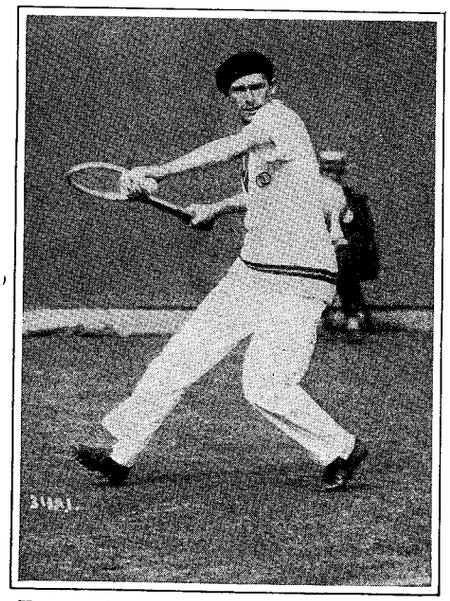
By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

ONLY spasmodically has the United States been strong in doubles in international competition, and this dates away back to the days when the two Dohertys, "the big and little Do," found little difficulty in defeating two American singles stars who labored under the delusion that they were an effective doubles team. It is seldom indeed that the technique of doubles play appeals to the American temperament. It so happens that America's aptitude in doubles will be tried out this week as severely as it ever has been. Richards and Williams stopped the bid of the Australian stars at Longwood some years ago, but since then Tilden and Hunter have succumbed to Patterson and Hawkes, and the American contingent will have to face the same pair at Longwood that they encountered at Wimbledon. Patterson and Hawkes are the natural inheritors of the great type of doubles play put on by Norman Brookes and Anthony Wilding, and they seem to be quite as formidable. In addition to this the Americans will have to face a young Australian pair, and a young English combination, while at the moment, if one excepts Lott and Hennessy, there is no American pair in action that has been long enough together to rank as a standard doubles team.

WHETHER any of the English speaking teams will prove more formidable than the Frenchmen, with the possible exception of Patterson and Hawkes, is doubtful. There is a special reason for the French desire to win the American title. They have already successfully defended the Davis Cup, both in singles and doubles. Hitherto when Borotra and Brugnon, the probable French doubles team, has appeared at Longwood, it has taken the doubles matches practically in the stride of preparation for the Davis Cup competition. This time the Frenchmen may well go "all out" for the title, since it will be this time the climax of a remarkable season on the courts. The French, incidentally, in addition to personal skill, have developed the theory of the doubles game to a high degree, and there is practically no flaw in their game, especially when Borotra is at his best. The lively Basque is a natural doubles player, and one of the best theorists on the courts. He is a master of next to impossible "gets," and is generally on the spot when a scoring ace is demanded.

The Australian veterans are especially equipped for doubles, and are able to put on a distinctive form of generalship since Hawkes is left-handed, and his net play is in consequence all his own. His left-handed cross-courts strokes are peculiarly devastating, since he sends them over at an acute angle, forcing the opposing net defense frequently to his own tactics in order to meet him. When Patterson is serving Hawkes is quite apt to be found well out of the orthodox position, on the same side of the court as the server, and all but on top of the net. This often forces a deep return to Patterson, who then has the carefully played-for chance for one of his famous kills off the forehand. Patterson is still rather awkward with his backhand, but off the forehand or overhead he remains one of the hardest men in the game to match. Both men will make their share of service aces, and are more than apt to come through handsomely unless met with practically their own generalship.

Our own Bill Tilden has never been a master of the doubles game, although he has won his share of victories from time to time when paired with one of his young pupils. The trouble with the veteran American star, however, is fundamental. He is far too apt to poach on the territory of his partner, which is one of the reasons he and Richards, when the latter was still an amateur, parted company in the doubles game.



Underwood

JEAN BOROTRA

SINCE the Davis Cup matches at Auteuil there has been some criticism of Tilden, and of president Collom and Joseph Wear for failure to send against the Frenchmen the younger doubles team of Hennessy and Lott. As Fred Alexander, one of the old time masters of doubles play, used to say, "The way to learn doubles is to play doubles, to think, eat and sleep doubles, and to want to win in doubles at any possible personal sacrifice." In the old days the Wrenns won many a doubles match when paired against players of possibly superior personal skill. The famous combination of Teddy Pell, the master of the backhand so far as form, power and accuracy were concerned, and the rather temperamental but always lively Karl Behr, won many a big match through practically perfect coordination, even though neither man went as far in the singles as he might have done had he confined himself to singles play in every tournament. But to-day there seems to be no American in sight especially adapted to or especially interested in the doubles affair. In my opinion the combination of Dick Williams and Vinnie Richards was one of the best that ever stepped on the courts. I have referred to these two in a previous article, but nothing has happened since to make me feel that I ought to change my opinion. Williams had the flair for killing cross-court strokes at the net, while Richards was a marvel in handling a deep ball.

While of course the doubles game is played both at Wimbledon and on the French courts in the course of the regular championships and the Davis Cup matches, the title to be won at Longwood practically amounts to the world's championship. Most foreign teams would care more about a Longwood victory than about a doubles triumph in any other country. It carries a prestige that never has been dimmed by competition in any other land.

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From the Life

The Philadelphia Cat

By IBBY HALL

SIXTEEN years ago there lived in Philadelphia a self-sufficient cat. Nature had never been indulgent to him, and the only gentleness he had ever known of life—his mother's lean and scrawny breast—had been early snatched from him by the City.

So it was that his cat-nature had been wakened early. As a tiny kitten he had learned to lie still or to leap on the moment. He had learned to prowl and hunt for food in a jungle of stone and sound; through tangled mazes of traffic; down the black trails of midnight alleys; up precarious heights of fence and wall and chimney. He had learned danger and escape from larger animals, lurking to pounce upon and strangle him, and from relentless turning wheels alike. By the time he was a full-grown cat he had taught himself how to keep alive. He knew the uses of eyes and claws, of swiftness and softness. He had conquered the city.

But to conquer in order to live is not enough. Even love and companionship, fraught with delicious hazard, are limited by the very nature of city life, and grow profitless and stale. A cat who has overcome civilization and his own kind is haunted still by instincts that are centuries old. This cat of Philadelphia had struggled for security. Now he set out upon adventure.

ONCE the Philadelphia cat gave rein to his curiosity he found it to be an endless source of delight. First he exhausted the housetops of the city. The moon, with its pale stars, the fire of sun and lightning soon became old stories to him, along with chimney smoke and rain. He developed a passion for back yards, for straggling trees and refuse cans, for gutters.

His next venture was into the cellars of the spreading town. Here he preyed on rats and observed the habits of spiders, he investigated coal bins and empty barrels and watched the feet of furnace men. At first each cellar was a new country. But after exploring a few hundred of these mysterious caverns, he found them touched with a curious sameness. They led nowhere but into the light of day again. The servant girls that started and screamed, the stubbly brooms that jabbed viciously at his slithering escape, the noisy shovels clattering on his footsteps, were finally all one; a monotonous accompaniment to his return into the sunlight.

The vagueness of unrest was beginning once more to touch him when he discovered the subway. Those beings who observed him here were indifferent or else respectful—as though they recognized his prior right to this underground world. This at last was the great adventure. Life was endless! How many layers deep might existence fathom? Like a dark shadow he sped through these new tunnels, urged on by ancient ruins and unremembered catacombs that whispered in his blood. Somewhere in these endless depths he would find the answer to all his fevers and curiosities.

The Philadelphia cat spent most of his existence these days underground. He fed himself hastily and absentmindedly along the familiar thoroughfares of the city, but for the rest of the time he roamed and slept beneath the City Streets. There was hunting to be found here—there was surprise and all the novelty of solitude.

HE found one day his ideal bed and hiding place. It was at a spot where the tunnel of the subway pressed unexpectedly upon the noise and excitement of the outside world. For at this particular block the City was digging down, down, down into untouched depths of earth and stone and water as though it would rival the cat in curiosity. It was evident that an enormous undertaking was at hand, one that would require watching and speculation. Day after-day the cat would creep into his hiding place—out of sight, in a hollow partition dividing the subway from the great cranes and shovels, from the grinding and shrieking that ploughed into the bowels of the earth.

In this retreat he would lie as moveless in his stealthy observing as though made of stone. His unflickering green eyes stared fixedly at those great arms of iron, reaching from blue sky into the depths of a pit. The clang of giant hammers and the flare and burst of sudden fires, had no power to startle his experienced nerves. These things that he had conquered were now become his entertainment. The terrors and excitements of life were but so many mice running past for his enjoyment. At times, relaxed in his hidden bed and cradled by a shrieking music, the Philadelphia cat would drowse and sleep and dream.

The great excavation went on. Here was to stand the City's most luxurious hotel. Three floors below street level the plunging shovels swept and swung. The day came at last when the gaping hole was ready to be lined with cement.

SIXTEEN years later, and only the other day, a pipefitter was sent to a Philadelphia subway to repair a water main beneath the foundations of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. In a hollow partition, closed off long ago from air by the cement of the hotel's foundations, he came face to face with a baleful figure. The pipefitter confronted the dreadful stare of a strange and terrifying animal. With fixed eyes and contorted body, the creature met the rush of air and stab of light with never a flinch. The fur upon its body, left only in sparse patches, stood rigid in every hair; its whiskers traced the air in frozen curves; its writhen shape was an unmoved menace to what it faced.

The pipefitter reached out a cautious hand, and still the animal never stirred a breath, but continued its gaze as steadily as rock. Was this a living thing, or the embodiment of terror upon a dead atmosphere? Was it an hallucination that would vanish at a touch?

The cautious hand came nearer—it closed upon the creature's rearing neck—it closed upon cold stone.

THE Philadelphia Cat had known his last curiosity and made his greatest discovery. Far underground the jungle of stone had tracked him down and shown him the end. But even in his agony he had stared at it with trained and riveted eyes, until the throes of horror had become fixed in stone. Hardened into eternity and destined for museums, he stares at it still.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Mysterious Lady"

THE Superlative She is on the screen again in what we thought was an unusually good picture.

But don't take our word for it, we beg of you; because we can't write reviews of Greta Garbo pictures—she gets us too upset. Take this newest one, for example: "The Mysterious Lady." We can tell you that it was directed by the rightfully eminent Fred Niblo; that it has Conrad Nagel in the leading male part; that the story is well handled and the pace perfect.

But ask us what kind of entertainment it would be for people who aren't given to biting their nails off at sight of Greta Garbo: we wouldn't just know.

We can go even further in our attempt to be informative—we can tell you that "The Mysterious Lady" is a drama of love and political intrigue in eastern Europe. The piece bristles with movable statues beneath which documents and keys are concealed; it contains bearded minions who trail the principal characters to their clandestine rendezvous and sneak back to report on what went on; for at least some of the time the hero, Captain von Raden, is disguised as a musician. This will give you an idea. Or will it?

Some day, maybe, a William Winter or a James Huneker will arise and tell the world that Greta Garbo has contributed to the art of pantomime. Perhaps Jim Tully will do it and, perhaps, God willing, he won't. It may even be that a machine will be invented to record composite emotion. By such a device might the legend of Greta Garbo be handed down, in the heartbeats of a million fans.

"Powder My Back"

A farce which succeeds in being French but not naughty is "Powder My Back," with Irene Rich, Andre Beranger, Anders Randolf and some others. There is nothing French in it, to be sure, except the method, the plot being all about a candidate for mayor in an American town and the actress with whom his son and himself become separately embroiled. Everything is on a high moral plane, we assure you.

Miss Rich is not at her best in comedy work, but her best is so good that she can fall considerably below it and still satisfy. She is always interesting to watch and has the faculty of lining you up on her side, whatever she may be doing.

Anders Randolf, as the candidate for office, resembles Mr. Hoover so strongly that the thing must be deliberate. He wears the same kind of collar, and everything. Andre Beranger is amusing, in his own individual way, and there is an unexpectedness about the whole picture which makes it worth taking in.

"Forgotten Faces"

"Heliotrope Harry" was a crook, and no mistake; his wife, Lily, was beautiful and no-account from the heels up. They had a baby girl, and Lily had a lover.

Coming home one night (with somebody's necklace tucked away in his evening clothes), Harry found his adored daughter crying, unnoticed, in her crib; investigating further he found his wife and her lover, the latter of whom he instantly shot, dead.

Next he gave his wife, in a few short sentences, his precise opinion of her and left the cozy flat, taking the baby with him. To the furnished room of a friend named Froggy the father and child went, and Froggy was told what Harry proposed to do. He would leave the child on a prosperous doorstep and Froggy was to watch her from afar as she grew up and report her progress to her father. He, the father, was all set for a surrender to the police and a stretch up the river, for second-degree murder. Froggy's chiefest duty was to see that the girl's mother should never know her whereabouts and for seventeen years she did not.

Then, by a device, she found out and Heliotrope Harry raged in his cell and struck his graying head against the walls at the thought of what would happen. Just in time he was paroled, under very unusual circumstances; having first given his promise to the warden that he would not lift his hand against his worthless wife.

He did not. And yet, he so terrorized and outwitted her that she died, accidentally, you might *almost* say, without ever revealing herself to her daughter, or to her daughter's foster-father.

See this fine picture, with Clive Brook giving a magnificent performance; William Powell giving another; and Baclanova, Harry Morey, Fred Kobler and Mary Brian helping out.

Three in a Row

"Forgotten Faces" described above, had just started when we found our seat. We didn't know until it was all over that the adaptation was by O. H. P. Garrett, from a story by Richard Washburn Child.

This makes three straight swash bits for this Garrett person—the first being "The Drag Net" and the second, "Ladies of the Mob."

Now, we have never even seen Mr. Garrett. We wouldn't know him if he came up and bit us in the ankle, but we're deeply interested in the guy. An ex-New York reporter and a newcomer to Hollywood, he has accomplished what no one has ever done there before: He has been hard-boiled about the way his stories must be screened—and he has made it stick.

No old fashioned Garrett, this, filled with bats and dusty keepsakes. It's a highly modern Garrett, fitted up as a workshop.

CLIVE BROOK

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

BROADWAY witnessed last week at least two shows for which it has been waiting with considerable expectancy for a long time—Earl Carroll's "Vanities" and Patrick Kearney's version of Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry." Were they worth the hushed expectancy? Well, in the case of "Elmer Gantry," we should say, "no." To be perfectly frank about it, considered solely as a play, Patrick Kearney's "Elmer Gantry" is absurd. Not only that, it is utterly devoid of artistic taste, and, to our mind, is as spurious and amateurish a burlesque as we've ever witnessed.

Whatever Mr. Lewis's merits as a satirist—and according to his followers they are considerable—he is unfortunate in having Mr. Kearney put his "Elmer Gantry" on the stage. This is the fairest and most complimentary way in which we can put it. Because next to "The Ladder," we thought "Elmer Gantry" about the poorest show yet. In fact, we even think "The Ladder" has the edge on it. The quality of imagination in some of the scenes in "The Ladder" comes closer to human emotional truth than does anything in "Elmer Gantry."

IT is inevitable, perhaps, that anything by Sinclair Lewis would show up at its worst on the stage. No one can reproduce his photographic realism behind the footlights. The only thing which gets across is human character. And, in the case of "Elmer Gantry," this human character is a caricature.

On the stage, as in the book, he is a one-dimensional person. The play through which he moves, considered as art, is not quite half of one per cent. Considered as propaganda, we know no moron so low that he would be convinced by it. And just what he would be convinced of, isn't clear either. "Elmer Gantry" is so transparent a villain that he doesn't even need the old-fashioned black mustache. Drawn with extraordinary crudity, the audience is "on" to him from the first minute. The fact that the people on the stage aren't, reduces them to such a low order of simpleton that one can only yawn.

So far as the story is concerned, Mr. Kearney has portrayed three instances in Mr. Gantry's life, each one being an erotic episode with a woman. Each episode is characterized by the same crudity and the same lack of artistry, and the three together are supposed to show how a young man with a whisky flask in his pocket, a cigarette in his hand, and a cynical mask of hypocrisy follows the life of a revivalist preacher and succeeds so well that he ends up as a famous minister driving vice from his city.

INTERSPERSED in this general frame-work are portraits presumably of Aimee Semple McPherson, of a sincere clergyman, of a devout church deacon, some Kansas low-brows who believe in shot-gun weddings, a group of lady evangelists, choristers, and two frame-up crooks.

Every now and then comes a remark which purports to show that the crooks are on to themselves, but that all the people who have turned to religion are surcharged with sex and find emotional idealism the best outlet for ego. All this may be so—but the play is too crude. It doesn't show anywhere that Mr. Kearney knows what he's talking about.

It's too bad, but you can't believe it. There remains only to be grateful for the scene in the revival meeting where Edward Pawley, as Gantry, puts across an excellent revivalist speech; the fire scene in the Atlantic City Tabernacle (produced, we are assured, without the use of any combustible material of any kind); and the clicking vaudeville act which closes the show, written, we believe, by Thompson Buchannan, and so terrible that it ought to be in a new kind of "Follies."

How anybody can call this a pretty good play is beyond us.

CONSIDERABLY more can be said for Earl Carroll's "Vanities." A man who has been absent from Broadway for many months, and who has probably had opportunity to think out his dreams of beauty in unpleasant surroundings, may be pardoned if he overdoes the thing a bit when he comes to make these dreams into a reality on the stage. "The Vanities" is overdone—but it is beautiful. It has beauty of color and beauty of line, human and otherwise. It often delights the eye. Where it falls down, so far as we are concerned, is in its lack of beauty of imagination or beauty of idea.

Where ideas are concerned, the best it can do is a series of playlets by W. C. Fields. Fields is one of our favorites, and when he appears our mouth is almost half open ready to laugh. But we didn't laugh very much this time. Most of his playlets are off color stories we've heard before, turned into "Vanity" acts and not very good ones at that. By far the best one was "The Stolen Bonds," with its scene laid in The Snavely Cabin on a Cold Night in the Far Northwestern Woods. "It ain't a fit night for man or beast." In this sort of stuff, W. C. Fields shines best. And he is no disappointment in this particular act.

As for the rest, there isn't a genuine romantic song, there isn't a good, clever idea, much of the scenery is too much like a German valentine to be genuinely beautiful, and the novelties are few and far between. Even the much discussed Machinery Ballet tired us as soon as its novelty wore of. To our mind Earl Carroll, despite his undeniable talent as a producer, needs a partner who appreciates the things which apparently he himself doesn't see. "The Vanities" needs variety. Even "Frisco Joe" doing a very funny imitation of Helen Morgan in "Show Boat" isn't enough.

W. C. FIELDS

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An Opera House with a Past

Brussels.

By EUGENE BONNER

NOT to be out of the running in these days of Strauss festivals which seem to be taking place all over the continent of Europe, the Theatre De La Monnaie of Brussels followed up its very beautiful production of "Der Rosenkavalier" with an equally interesting revival—that of "Salomé."

This opera, which is now over twenty years old, is still a superb piece of work. If parts of it have become banal from being heard about too much, other parts can still more than make up for them. What a pity that the self-advertised purity of a few influential members of the New York *bourgeoisie* and their satellites back in 1907 was able to banish this opera from our principal opera house!

In the light of all that has since transpired, how utterly silly all those gilded worthies now appear. Yet, as a matter of fact, they succeeded in giving the opera of "Salomé" a glamour unpossessed by that masterpiece in any other country. Let this work be billed almost anywhere in Europe and it rouses no more interest or excitement than would, let us say, a fine performance of Lohengrin or Don Giovanni. But let even the report get about in the city of Gotham that there's a possibility of "Salomé" being done next season at the Metropolitan and lovely shivers course deliciously up and down our free-white-and-twenty-one spines!

As a matter of fact any board of directors that can stomach "Zaza," that can sit serene and smiling through the titivating indecencies of "Madonna Imperia," and that is going to hand out for our delectation this coming season the Black-and-White philanderings of Herr Krenek's "Johnny Spielt Auf," should not object to poor little Salomé having a nip at her decapitated prophet.

Not that we are trying to whitewash the daughter of Herodias, laws-a-mussy no, but when it comes to operatic morals, there's not so much to choose between Salomé's lamentable tastes, and Sieglinde and Brother Siegmund eloping with prolonged whoops of joy at the end of the first act of "Die Walküre," fully aware of what they are up to and caring divil a bit.

The role of Salomé here at La Monnaie was extremely well sung and most realistically acted by Mme. Nyza Bladel, who wore some jewels, a long train and absolutely nothing else. Mme. Andry as Herodias was a delight, laying down the law and bullying her rickety old consort in truly royal manner. M. Verteneuil was excellent as the henpecked Tetrach, while our own John Charles Thomas, who has been a member of this company for the last three years, sang the music of Jochanaan superbly, but was a long way from realizing the splendid dramatic possibilities of the role, which, as anyone who saw Hector Dufranne in the part will agree, is one of the most dramatic in any modern opera.

The opera, which was none too well conducted by Leon Molle, was followed by a charming performance of the Stravinsky ballet "L'Oiseau de Feu" which made a most suitable pendant to the Strauss work.

PERHAPS it is not altogether amiss just at this time when many of the die-hards among the stockholders and subscribers of the Metropolitan Opera House are opposing moving into new quarters on the grounds of the age and traditions of the present opera house, to give a little sketch of an operatic institution that really is old and has genuine traditions. . . .

During the sixteenth century there existed, facing the Rue des Chevaliers (now Rue des Fripiers) the Hotel of the Ostrevant family, whose members were descendants of the Counts of Hainaut and of Holland. About 1531 this building, which for quite a while had been used as an *atelier monetaire* or mint, was demolished and the ground on which it stood cleared and leveled. A large pond formed by the city moat which was just back of the old palace was filled in and the open space thus created was called the Place De La Monnaie.

It was on this square that were constructed successively the three great theatres that have constituted for well over two hundred years "Le Theatre De La Monnaie."

The beginnings of opera as such in Brussels can be fixed towards the end of the seventeenth century. At that period the Court, jealous of all that was being done in the way of scenic and musical spectacles in other countries, particularly France, where they had been having operatic performances since 1645, wished to equal if not rival the representations then being given at Paris.

Matters went forward to such an extent that there was soon no need to envy any longer the French capital. The spectacles given in Brussels came to combine everything in the way of music and dances then being written, while lavish costumes and décors together with elaborate machinery soon brought these performances to the level of those being given in the city on the Seine.

The *répresentations musicales* given in the theatre at the Court soon began to awaken the curiosity of the public which at that period had not the privilege of assisting at these performances. Finally in the year 1700, after several unsuccessful attempts to establish a public opera house, the Elector of Bavaria (Governor-General of the Spanish Netherlands at that time) had a theatre built on the Place de La Monnaie.

For over a hundred years this theatre was one of the most important in Europe and it was not until the year 1819 that it was replaced by a more up-to-date house which as far as the exterior is concerned is the theatre we see today.

It was in this opera house "Le Theatre Royal de La Monnaie" that the famous revolution of 1830 started. The opera was "La Muette de Portici," forbidden shortly before by the King of Holland (Belgium at that time being under Dutch rule) on account of what was considered its seditionary character, but again allowed to be performed.

It was the twenty-fourth of August and the theatre was packed, hundreds who were unable to get in filling the square in front of the house. The duet "Amour sacré de La Patrie" had to be repeated and when in the third act Lafeuillade as Masaniello cried "Aux armes!" the entire house responded with frenzied hurrahs. The opera was not allowed to finish as the entire audience precipitated itself into the Place de La Monnaie and the revolution that freed Belgium forever from the Dutch yoke was on.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

AT last we have persuaded the editor to allow us to use pictures in this department. It had to be done rather diplomatically, of course. We took him to a nice place to lunch and bought him a cigar and even allowed him to pay for his own lunch when he suggested it, feeling that it was better to give way in small things in order to gain our real purpose. Then we said that we thought a nice picture now and then might brighten up our page. He said yes, something ought to be done. We said we thought that an occasional picture showing new ideas in house furnishing, new decorative schemes, modernistic furniture, silver, glass and so on, would be interesting, and then we brought out a sketch we had dashed off that morning of our idea of how a modern apartment living room should look. He looked at it and said: "Oh, yes, modern apartment living-room. Just so. But why are they all crawling around on all fours? And why is there a baby hippopotamus in the room?" "There's nobody crawling around on all fours," we replied testily. "Those are chairs and tables. And that's a davenport, not a hippo. Don't you like it?" He looked at it steadily for a while and then said: "Oh." Then he lit our cigar and said: "That's a nice black pencil you used." Then he put out the cigar and lit one of his own and said: "On the whole, I guess perhaps we'd better use photographs instead of drawings."

So we're going to use photographs. Our drawings, however, we shall continue to execute, and when we have enough of them we shall make them into a book. There won't be any captions under the pictures, and you will have to guess what they represent, and if you guess them all we will refund you the five dollars that we expect to charge for the volume. Meanwhile we offer you this week a picture of two stick-willow chairs, designed in the modern style by Paul T. Frankl, whose book on modern decoration we recently reviewed. The screen back of the chairs is of bath-toweling, painted.

From "New Dimensions," by Paul T. Frankl, published by Payson & Clarke, Ltd.

TWO STICK-WILLOW CHAIRS
Designed by P. T. Frankl

WE told you some time ago of the automatic cigarette vender which groans a sepulchral "Thank you" when you buy its wares. The other day we entered an automatic soft drink parlor and risked ten cents on a pineapple drink. We lost, as the sequel will show you, and we publish our experience in order that you may profit by it. We put in the dime. A light appeared, and then a paper cup, which seated itself in a metal container. It made us think somehow of the legends of the Grail. Then a stream of pale—possibly pineapple—liquid shot into the cup, and when the latter was full to the brim a little glass door opened and the prize was ours.

It is not the first time that opportunity has knocked and found us unready. Somehow we were so dazed, so stricken with admiration, that we hesitated too long to seize the miraculous draught, and with a decisive click the door closed and left us, our tongue hanging out with thirst, our nose pressed to the unresponsive glass. To have it snatched away in the moment of fulfillment was too much. Almost without thinking we fumbled for a second dime, inserted it, and watched eagerly. Again the light, again the cup — but something had gone wrong. We had disturbed the orderly procedure. The cup settled uncertainly in our former drink, and the stream of fruit juice missed its mark entirely and slopped about messily behind the door. We didn't wait for any more. We went around the corner to a drug store and were served a pineapple drink by a human being. After all, we think we like the personal touch. Better the waiter's thumb in the soup than the cold inhumanity of the automaton.

THERE's an organization in New York that sells aluminum cooking utensils by house to house canvass. It has recently started a new policy of selling. If you want to give a luncheon, this firm will give it for you. It will prepare the menu, buy the food, cook and serve it. It will even furnish a speaker who will lecture on the merits of this particular brand of cooking utensil, on dietetics and waterless cooking.

Aren't there a number of people you'd like to invite to be lectured to on dietetics and the proper way to prepare food? If the speaker got in hits on the foibles of the various guests, we think it would be an awfully jolly luncheon party.

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▶▶ Mr. Wells and the Bankers ◀◀

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

MONTAGUE GLASS lost his awe of what is considered intellectual authority when he read in one of the apparently omniscient weeklies that something or other was "as prolonged as a Puccini overture." Mr. Glass had heard Puccini operas and he knew that their overtures consisted of only a few notes. If this weekly is so completely wrong about a Puccini overture, he reasoned, perhaps it is equally mistaken in many of its equally positive statements. And perhaps other revered oracles are untrustworthy.

If Mr. Glass knows as much about banking as he does about Puccini overtures he might lose even more of his awe of the intelligentsia by reading "Has the Money-Credit System a Mind?", an article contributed to "The Banker," a London magazine, by H. G. Wells, in which he tells the bankers what is wrong with their point of view and gives them three great tasks to which they should apply themselves with greater energy.

The article is not iconoclastic. Mr. Wells understands fairly well the functions of bankers and believes that the tremendous power they wield is safer in their hands than in the politicians'. He insists, though, that bankers are unaware of their responsibility and the scope of their duties. In his words, "the banking, financial community is just working uncritically like a born cart-horse in a cart."

THAT is simply not so. Any banker today realizes that his most important function in society is to extend credit and knows well the tremendous power inherent in that function. His decision to grant credit to or withhold credit from an individual, an enterprise or a nation may determine whether that individual, enterprise or nation shall maintain its position in the world, improve it or lose it altogether. Certainly no one with even a casual knowledge of the New York or London financial centres can be unaware of the fact that bankers, even the most selfish of them, feel this responsibility keenly. Mr. Wells apparently thinks of the banker as merely placing the funds entrusted to him and the credit he is privileged to create wherever these resources can, with safety, earn the largest return. If this view were correct, many of the loans made to European nations since the war and much of the tremendous financial assistance of other kinds that went with those loans would never have been granted. If this view were correct, many of the life-lines which bankers threw to drowning American businesses in the crisis of 1920-21 would have been left coiled on the deck.

Perhaps selfishness is the fundamental motive for such actions as these which override considerations of immediate profit. But, if the financial community does see a selfish interest in restoring health to Europe and to American industry, clearly it is aware "of what as a constituent organ of society it is up to."

Now for the "three main things the world requires from its money-credit organizations."

The first is the stable currency for which Professor Irving Fisher of Yale has pleaded so eloquently, a currency whose units always will represent just so many loaves of bread, so many subway rides, so many silk stockings and the rent of a certain apartment for a certain length of time. Evidently Mr. Wells, who criticizes the scarcity of financial literature, has not read any of the many answers to Professor Fisher's plea. These replies have pointed out that the practical difficulties blocking the creation of such currencies are insuperable. Who on earth could say, for instance, what relative weight should be given, in determining the dollar's size, i. e., its gold content, to the price of bread and what to the cost of an automobile and its upkeep? Twenty years ago, the price of automobiles and gasoline would have been omitted entirely from the indices which would have been used in fixing the gold content of the dollar. Yet today the cost of automobiles and their upkeep is certainly of more moment to the majority of American families than the price of bread.

The second problem on which the bankers are asked to concentrate more earnestly is the elimination of the so-called business cycle in which commerce and industry swing steadily back and forth between feverish activity and stagnancy.

"You ought," Mr. Wells tells the bankers, "to have a diagnosis of this periodic fever and exhaustion and a scheme of remedies. You ought to be telling the world what it ought to do or ought not to do, to change that disagreeable and demoralizing rhythm."

"My dear Mr. Wells," the bankers might reply, "we have been doing what we can and we are not entirely displeased with our attempts to limit these irritating and expensive swings. Our leaders have suggested many valuable corrective measures to the governments. Our statisticians have been studying the problem from every conceivable angle. So have the various economic bureaux and the business schools of our leading universities. We cooperate wherever we can with their investigations. The Federal Reserve Banks of the United States have used their influence over the credit market to minimize trade fluctuations. The stability of business in the United States during the last eight years is an indication, if not a proof, that they have not been entirely unsuccessful."

"The third point which I think we common people may reasonably require of our world-credit system and those in control of it, is that it should work as a restraint upon war," Mr. Wells writes.

HERE is it difficult not to become impatient with the great Mr. Wells. He ought to know that nine out of ten bankers always will do whatever they can to maintain peace. Leaving humanitarian considerations aside, war hurts a banker's business. It threatens the security of loans and disrupts the economic world. Fishing in troubled waters has been profitable for some financiers but the great majority prefer calm. Anti-war movements can regularly count on the sympathy of both Wall and Lombard Streets and usually on their active cooperation.

A banker might well look on Mr. Wells's article as an endorsement.

"Your description of what our point of view should be," he might say, "is a fairly accurate description of what it is. You set us three main tasks. One, you would agree after a thorough investigation, is impossible. At the other two we are working away for dear life."

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

To India's Rescue

By MILTON BYRON

"An India Journey," By Waldemar Bonsels. Albert and Charles Boni

HERE is the real India; exotic, bizarre, romantic, and mysterious! Herr Bonsels has gotten under the skin of India; he has lived with the natives, he has assimilated the spirit of that much maligned country, and, in "An Indian Journey," he presents his observations in a thoroughly charming and informative manner. This book comes at a time when it is sorely needed, being a welcome antidote for the impressions of squalor and depravity that have recently been fostered on the American public.

This book is the selection of the Literary Guild for July and is, in the opinion of this reviewer, the most worthwhile book that they have sponsored to date. Not the least of the charm of this book is its format. The end papers are in the form of a colored map of the country over which Herr Bonsels roamed, and there are several exceptionally fine full page illustrations and head and tail pieces by Harry Brown.

The story is written in loose, informal diary form. Not a daily record written as such, but a chronological report of the author's odyssey through parts of India that few white men have ever visited. The book opens with his arrival in the country and his bargaining for a house. One is immediately charmed by his style, and his attitude toward his future landlord proves at once that this man will get to know India and that he will tell the reader about it in an interesting way. And one is not disappointed!

Herr Bonsels is not only a wanderer —he is a philosopher. Two of the most charming bits of this book, in our opinion, are his discussion of life and the difference between animals and human beings with "Huo," his pet monkey, and his description of his feelings and thoughts when he dreamt that he was dead. And he is not without a sense of humor. There are descriptions of incidents that might be construed as malicious or underhanded which, seen through the eyes of the author, reveal not only an *entente cordiale* with these little-understood people, but a very delightful sense of humor.

It was not Herr Bonsels' desire to be a great "Sahib" travelling in India —that mode of living would not have afforded him what he wanted. He wanted simply to be accepted as one of the natives and, for this reason, he was the despair of his boy-servant, Panya, who wished to serve a real master. It was difficult for him to accustom himself to acting as his master's equal, but he was willing to share his confidences in a childlike, naive way. It was largely through Panya that Herr Bonsels was able to obtain such a comprehensive knowledge and understanding of the Indian people. And later, he was fortunate in forming an intimate friendship with one Mangeshe Rao, a high caste Indian with an Oxford education, that allowed him to formulate an accurate opinion as to the calibre, characteristics, and habits of the upper classes.

But the author's sojourn in India was not primarily for the purpose of studying the people. He gives the impression that he was travelling solely for his own enjoyment. Being a philosopher, he must needs get at the heart of the country, and being an artist, he has absorbed all the exotic beauty of the physical aspects of the country.

This is a book for all lovers of travel, all lovers of philosophy, all lovers of fine writing, and all those who have had their illusions of India shattered by authors who, knowing nothing of the spirit of the country, have enlarged upon its grossness, its perversions, and its evils. Herr Bonsels has seen none of these. Or rather, he has seen them through the eyes of a philosopher and an artist. There is nothing but beauty in this book, but it is the beauty that transcends mere reality.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Read either as the last book of the "Forsyte Saga" or as an independent story, this masterly novel should please all readers. Reviewed August 1.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. This love story of three generations will touch and please any adult reader. It is tragic, truthful, and beautifully written. Reviewed July 25.

"Bambi," by Felix Salten. Simon & Schuster. The story of the life of a deer in the woods written with much charm and delicacy.

"With Malice Toward None," by Honore Willsie Morrow. William Morrow & Company. The struggle over reconstruction policy between Lincoln and Sumner, fictionized somewhat sentimentally.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. Readers of Ludwig's great biographies will be interested in this, if only to see how badly the biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck can fail. Reviewed July 25.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you enjoy light verse, this is the very best.

Join the Ladies

By MARY SHIRLEY

"Farewell To Youth," By Storm Jameson. Knopf.
"The Wood," By Naomi Royde-Smith. Harpers.
"Armed With Madness," By Mary Butts.

IN a group of new novels by three young Englishwomen we find the Great War remaining the overwhelming influence in English life and thought—an influence discernable particularly in the work of women, for reasons not difficult to deduce. In American fiction, on the other hand, the war seems to be no longer an important factor.

In Farewell to Youth (Knopf), Storm Jameson displays the fine qualities that have hitherto distinguished her work. There is the emotional power of The Pitiful Wife and The Lovely Ship, deftness and originality of characterization and a style that is both vigorous and colorful. Her war-shocked hero is very lifelike. So are his faithless war-bride and the devoted wife who finally nurses him back to relative normality. We could wish that Miss Jameson cared less for masochistic

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types. Her chief characters seem to covet martyrdom—not an idiosyncrasy typical of the post-war period! In Farewell to Youth there are some clever "close-ups" of those in high places, most of which are easily recognizable. For example, does the following paragraph leave any doubt of indentity?

"An immense vitality and a self-confidence as colossal as it was humorless—She was indeed a brazen image of herself. She was also her own high priest and one of her chief worshippers—She had been a figure in politics so long that she could hardly credit her disappearance—from a world which she had ruled with the tongue of a shrew. But she had courage and she was already preparing to conquer another world, with her pen this time. Brass, they say in her husband's county, talks. Brass shall write, said she, and wrote the story of her creation."

In The Wood (Harpers) by Naomi Royde-Smith, is an exquisitely written study of mental abnormality—a subject never anything but painful to this reviewer. Cilia is the victim of a neurosis common enough among children, but overcome by all sane adults; she has an imaginary playmate who becomes so real to her as to embarrass her family and cause real difficulty for herself as a school-girl. Later on, Cilia's mysterious absences, during which she is supposed to be with "the other one," distress her young husband, just home from the war, but Cilia's delusions end only with her death, occurring simultaneously with that of the "other". The Great War runs like a dominant chord through the harmonies of the author's musical prose, but whether the war was responsible for the heroine's psychopathic condition we are not informed. In the end of the book there is some indication of reality in Cilia's obsession—a suggestion of belief in a being like the German "Doppelganger". Those who enjoy fantastic tales, beautifully told, will find much to admire in a book that reminds one of Walter de la Mare's "Memoirs of a Midget."

Again, in Mary Butts' "Armed With Madness", we see the devastating effects of the war on the youth of England. All Miss Butts' characters are a little mad and one of them even attemps to murder the bewitching Drusilla in a genuine attack of emotional insanity. Crazy as they are, Miss Butts' young people are a fascinating "bunch". The book is a brilliant and subtle, if rather chaotic expression of this Age of Jazz. Curiously enough, Miss Butts ties her tale of modernity to a legend out of the Middle Ages. In an ancient corner of England, one of the characters fishes an antique chalice from a well. There is much discussion of its origin, references to the Holy Grail and the Spear, with their related symbols from the emporium of Herr Professor Freud. Miss Butts' young people are greatly perturbed over their discovery which sets the whole works going as it were. Henry James did something of the kind in his own best manner—"James the First"—when he wrote The Last of the Valerii, a short story in which a young Roman noble of amiable nature and exemplary habits, a devout Catholic to boot, turns up a Roman goddess from the Earth of his own garden. And Trouble begins! Miss Butts' novel might be described as Henry James in the idiom of 1928.

Loud Speakers

(Continued from page 655)

$36.75. . . . Works equally fine with the set or apparatus closely associated with the set can have the slightest value A. C. electric house current or with batteries."

But the copy fails to state that socket power operation demands a number of expensive accessories which cost more than the set itself, and that the word "super" does not mean superheterodyne, as the fan, of course, supposes. "Whirltenna with static reducer—the aerial wonder—reduces interference to a minimum. Improves tone quality—provides sharper tuning, and separates the stations. Positively all-directional." Mostly nonsense, except for the last phrase, which is perfectly true. But it would be equally true of a piece of gas pipe set up on your roof.

"At last, perfect radio tone qualities, through an entirely new principle in acoustics. Reproduces 100%." This paragon, furthermore, was highly praised by a director of the Chicago Opera Company, to the effect that it reproduced "the individual characteristics of each instrument of an orchestra with such fidelity that the keen musical ear is delighted." The instrument is now completely off the market, so far as current advertising indicates, and its makers in receivership.

INDEED, the only science which the overwhelming majority of radio advertisements contribute to is the science of philology.

At the present time it is a common practice for radio magazines and supplements to carry concealed advertising in the form of what appear to be straight news articles. These articles are often inspired, or prepared, and paid for by manufacturers of radio equipment. They are analogous to the sort of "news" the patent-medicine brethren used to plant in newspapers, with a consideration. One will find a piece in a radio magazine, complete with diagrams and pictures, telling one how to make the "marvelous new ultra-selective, all-electric sonotonic Muffletone Six." The facts behind this scientific sounding hocus-pocus are these: The Muffletone Company is a manufacturer of transformers. Its transformers are urged upon the fan throughout the article, together with a list of other component parts. The listing of these parts is subsequent to a businesslike arrangement concluded between the Muffletone Company and brother manufacturers who fabricate them. To make everything shipshape, straight advertisements for the commodities named in the article are placed handy to the readers' eye, in the same issue.

We find in the news columns of a great New York daily such a statement as this: "The Blarson engineers have designed a device known as an output transformer which connects across the output of the receiver to cut off the direct plate current from the delicate speaker." As news this is at once silly and misleading, for the Blarson is but one among many makers who have done the same thing; in fact, an output transformer has been a recognized practice in receiving-set design for years.

All sorts of devices are insinuated into the fan's consciousness by this concealed advertising method—"wave traps," "heptomonic tuners," "grid suppressors," what not. Some of them are doubtless good. Many of them merely waste space, time, money, and electrical energy.

"Radio," a magazine published in San Francisco, recently (March, 1928) gave the whole procedure away by confessing its own past sins, together with a promise to reform:

> The reading pages of most of the radio magazines are filled with publicity for radio manufacturers. . . .

(Please turn to continuation page 676)

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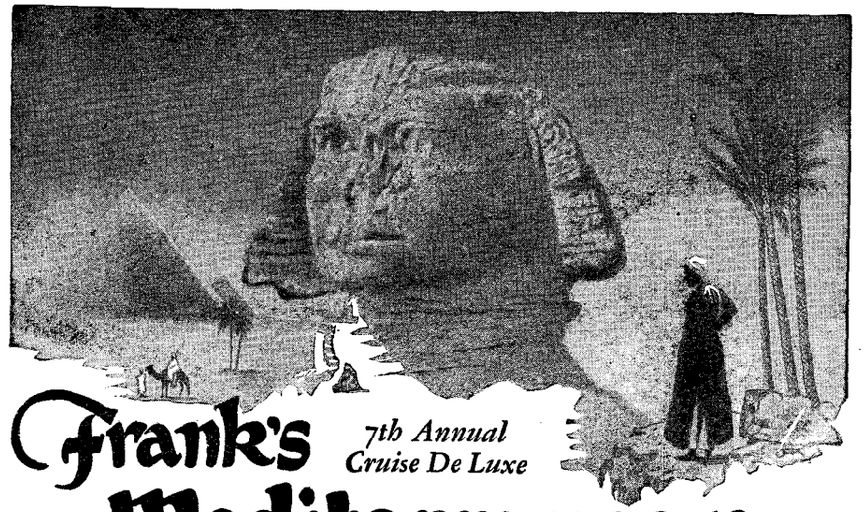

Frank's 7th Annual Cruise De Luxe
TO THE Mediterranean

67 Glorious Days ...mysterious Egypt...sacred Palestine...ancient Greece ...gorgeous Italy ...romantic Spain ...enchanting North Africa...primitive Dalmatian Coast...bewitching Turkey...and the most comprehensive itinerary of strange cities bordering this historic sea. ¶The romance...the charming social life...dances...gay carnivals...smart country club atmosphere and comfort on a ship built for cruising...far-famed cuisine...service par excellence...a most efficient staff to entertain and guide you...53 years' experience...all combine to make this a most attractive and thrilling adventure.

[Exclusively Chartered Palatial S. S. "SCYTHIA"
Cunard Line's finest first-class cuisine and service
Membership limited to 390 guests — half capacity]

SAILING FROM NEW YORK JAN. 29
Free stop-over in Europe, including return via S.S. "Berengaria" or any Cunard Steamer. The best of everything on ship and shore.
Rates from $950, including shore excursions. Full particulars on request

FRANK TOURIST CO.
542 Fifth Avenue (Est. 1875) New York
Philadelphia—1529 Locust Street
Chicago, 175 No. Michigan Ave. ~ *Boston*, 33 Devonshire St
San Francisco, 29 Geary St. ~ *Los Angeles*, 756 So. Broadway

The Mind and Art of Nathaniel Hawthorne

(Continued from page 652)

"Amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world," he once wrote, "individuals are so nicely adjusted to a system, and systems to one another and to a whole, that, by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place forever." Hawthorne took that risk and suffered that result. In a worldly sense his career was thwarted by his obstinate detachment, and his work began to decline at the moment when it seemed to be taking its first steps toward higher levels. If he became realist occasionally, the attainment was incidental. The truth of "The Scarlet Letter," for its author at least, lay not so much in Hester's suffering as in the mystic significance of a letter suddenly wrought in fire against dark clouds.

What, then, is the ultimate significance of Hawthorne's work and what is its relative importance to American literature? His own answer to these questions was that, in "The House of the Seven Gables," he gave form and voice to the spirit of moral truth which dominated his life. Without preaching, he expressed in art what he believed to be the truth of life. In this book he was most faithful to his own esthetic creed, and a generous measure of success in these terms was his. In none of his other works is his purpose as clear and sure, although he never ceased to strive for the same objective.

The validity of this purpose depends upon the inclusion of allegory within the borders of art. The medieval mind thought almost exclusively in these terms and the medieval inheritance was strong in the Puritan Hawthorne. The modern mind tends to exclude allegory or to reduce it to a position of relative unimportance, and in so doing would lessen the value of that part of Hawthorne which he himself strove most ardently to develop and to express. Opinion as to the ultimate importance of much of his work depends upon the answer to this problem.

On the other hand, a survey of his work from the vantage point of the

(Please turn to continuation page 678)

Loud Speakers

(Continued from page 675)

[We ourselves] have printed publicity that masqueraded as editorial matter. This was done because it was feared that the advertising which makes it possible to deliver a magazine to the subscriber could not be secured without some editorial tie in. . . . The time for unmasking has come. Things are to be what they seem, and skimmed milk is not to masquerade as cream. In this, its eleventh year of publication, "Radio" is resolved to be worthy of the confidence which readers have in it, and not to be guilty of any intentional deception.

One reason for the dubious character of much of our radio equipment, and the even more dubious methods by which it is sold, is the patent situation. It is impossible for a manufacturer to build a useful radio set without employing at least half a dozen patented circuits and devices. The Radio Corporation of America controls the bulk of patents in the industry. These patents, according to recent information, are not licensed short of a royalty payment of $100,000 a year. Thus the manufacturer begins operations with very heavy fixed charges in the shape of royalties. In order to surmount this burden, he must go into mass production with a minimum of research and experimentation, and blast open markets for wide and intensive distribution. To go into production on the basis of a few thousand sets a year made under craftsmanship conditions with care, precision, detail testing, and with a small force of permanent, painstaking workmen is utterly out of the question. He might as well sign a petition in bankruptcy. No. The only chance of survival with such an initial overhead calls for a great factory, a belt assembly system, a large force of necessarily untrained and floating workmen, and the production of tens and hundreds of thousands of sets a year. And to launch those sets upon the market calls for all the arts of high-pressure salesmanship, including whatever potions of magic may be necessary to move the goods.

An extraordinary economic fact is to be noted in this connection. The situation being what it is, an expert radio enthusiast *can assemble a better set himself* than, without first-rate engineering guidance, he can buy in any radio store, at a cost, after making due

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Rudolph Fisher's The Walls of Jericho Knopf

The walls of Negro Harlem come tumbling down when Dr. Fisher starts to write, and reveal to us the life of its homes, pool parlors and dance halls. This is the romance of a piano mover and a K.M., its racy and amusing dialogue in the idiom of contemporary Harlem. Well worth an evening, and its glossary of Harlemese should enlarge your slang vocabulary.

Shaw Desmond's Echo Appleton

Bloody battles of an Irish gladiator in the days of Nero, slowed up occasionally by the hero doing some rather unnecessary moralizing, but nevertheless maintaining a pretty swift and blood besprinkled pace through fight after fight, in the arena, the palace and the galley, until that final duel with Clistris, who shook a wicked trident. Then there's the Lady Deeshie, protegée of Nero, and handy with the dagger. And we liked the chorus of harpists who struck a chord whenever Nero got off a good one. But it seemed unnecessary to have the story told as a memory by a reincarnated hero.

H. R. Wakefield's They Return at Evening Appleton

Old-fashioned ghost stories with slimy green corpses that climb up out of rivers and chase little children, and ghostly dogs that tear out the throats of their former masters' enemies. The sort of thing M. R. James does so well —done not so well.

Owen Rutter's Golden Rain Longmans

Pangeran Jeludin bin Pangeran di Gadong Yusuf Ali is the hero of this story of the Borneo jungle. He fights the encroachments of the white men, then reluctantly becomes their ally, then turns on them again. The story of the final overthrow of Jeludin and his followers, of the capture of Max and the chivalrous treatment which he and the sister, who goes to rescue him, receive at the hands of the Malay chief, is interesting, chiefly because of the setting. What does it all prove? Oh, probably that Pangeran Jeludin and President Coolidge are brothers under the skin.

THE PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
of Hartford, Conn.

announces a new

RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

under which you get not only immediate protection for your beneficiaries but also, for yourself in later years, *a guaranteed income you cannot outlive.*

What a dividend paying $10,000 policy will do for you

It guarantees to you when you are 65

A MONTHLY INCOME FOR LIFE of . . . $100.00
which assures a return of at least 10,000.00
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Or, if you prefer,
A CASH SETTLEMENT AT AGE 65 of . . . 12,000.00

It guarantees upon death from any natural cause before age 65

A CASH PAYMENT to your beneficiary of 10,000.00
Or $50 a month guaranteed for *at least*
24 years and 8 months . . . . . Total 14,823.00

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A CASH PAYMENT to your beneficiary of 20,000.00
Or $100 a month guaranteed for *at least*
24 years and 8 months . . . . . Total 29,646.00

It guarantees throughout permanent total disability which begins before age 60

A MONTHLY DISABILITY INCOME OF . . $100.00
And the payment for you of all premiums

For more information, mail the coupon below

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Name .....
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CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere.

Schieffelin & Co., 170 William St., New York

Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIRESOME EXERCISES

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail-order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
294 Good Health Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

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FREE Catalogs of all Boarding Schools *and camps* in U. S. Rates. Advice from official inspections. 22d year. State Chartered Free Bureau. Apply
American Schools' Association
1212 Times Bldg., N. Y., or Stevens Bldg., Chicago

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Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
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Italy

Villa Gazzolo, Arcole, Verona, Italy. Countess di Nogarole Meehan receives a limited number of girls at her family estate, where the advantages of foreign residence and useful study are combined with the comforts of American home life. Literature, art, music, languages, with emphasis on French. Travel and social life are supervised by Countess Meehan. For catalog address Mrs. L. L. Richards, 353 W. 85th St., N.Y. City

Florence, 52 via della Robia

Mrs. Stevens, *nee* Notarbartolo, keeps home finishing school for girls. Inclusive terms for travels, theatres and concerts. Terms begins 1st October. References given and required. Prospectuses on application.

Switzerland

Mademoiselle Hartmann's School
(LA MARJOLAINE), GENEVA. Up-to-date French-Swiss school for girls from 8 to 20 years. Highly recommended. Resident, day pupils. Every educational advantage. Individual care. Stay in the mountains in winter and summer holidays. Booklets, details, Outlook Travel Bureau.

Twentieth Century Christianity

By Charles W. Eliot, L. L. D.
And other liberal religious literature sent upon request.
G. T. Carr, Station A-3, Worcester, Mass.

John J. Raskob

(Continued from page 649)

ing, of wealth and refinement. At the Raskob household, I am told, there are few restrictions. The father has never played the part of the stern parent. He is not a drinking man, and yet wines were often on the table at dinner. He does not smoke and prefers that his sons shall not cultivate the habit. But he has never told them that they must not do so.

As a high official of a company which employs 300,000 men, Raskob must face, of course, comment on his attitude toward labor. There are already mutterings that he is anti-union and opposed to collective bargaining, and that the policy of General Motors is one of benevolent paternalism. No doubt there is an element of truth in this. Yet Raskob has demonstrated many times that he is a person of understanding and of sympathy. Another argument against prohibition, he once said, is that it permits the wealthy man to drink without danger while the poor man must get along on nothing or risk poisoning. Not long ago he expressed impatience with those who criticize the working girl because she wears silk stockings and lives in a cheap room.

"You or I might say that she is a damned fool," he exploded, making it clear that he would say nothing of the sort. "But there is such a thing as temperament and she is the best judge of what her temperament needs."

Like Owen Young (and like Herbert Hoover), Raskob finds that there are many evils in the present social order, and one of these is the abuse of labor. He does not believe, though, that the conflict is between capital and labor but between "management and labor." He feels that executives in industry must be given the status of ownership and that this will give them a feeling of responsibility for the welfare of the men in the ranks. It was partly for this reason that so many officials of General Motors were encouraged to buy stock. The wage earner, he thinks, is entitled to more than merely adequate wages, and he offers the theory that labor should share in the benefits of increased productivity. The employees of General Motors are therefore assisted in purchasing common stock of the company. Finally, again like Hoover, Raskob looks hopefully forward to a day when men will have more leisure, more happiness, more time in which to do those things which make life bearable. He has said that the five-day week must come in the not too distant future.

As chairman of the Democratic National Committee Raskob plays, of course, a part quite subordinate to Governor Smith. The Democratic candidate is without question the directing mentality of the campaign. But Raskob has given the party new respectability, and he will have built up, long before Election Day, an organization which is smooth, orderly and efficient. Raskob has a mind which swiftly grasps new ideas, and day by day he grows more familiar with the important issues and with the mysteries of politics. Day by day he becomes better qualified for his duties. At a conference with the political correspondents recently one of the writers pointed out that the Republican Party had announced it would seek $4,000,000 instead of $3,000,000 for its campaign fund. Would the Democrats also raise the bid?

"They need," said Raskob, neatly evading the question, "about twice as much money as we do. They've got twice as hard a selling job."

The correspondents grinned. "Ah, Mr. Raskob," murmured one, "you're learning fast, very fast!"

The Mind and Art of Nathaniel Hawthorne

(Continued from page 653)

present discloses two values of which Hawthorne was at best only partially and sub-consciously aware. The modern short story form evolved from those concentrated studies in motivation which he and Poe developed in America. Further, the interest which he felt in the processes of the human mind has proceeded from his beginnings, even though it has followed scientific rather than moral or theological channels. In many of his short stories and in the longer "Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne pushed on by a trail which was later to become a highway. On the road of psychological fiction, which has since his time grown firmer and broader, he was a lonely traveler proceeding for a time by a sense of direction of which he was little aware, in the firm belief that it led through his moonlit woodland of allegory and "high" truth. Hester and not Hepzibah speaks for him to the future; yet Hepzibah is more truly his own.

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Open to men and women.

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Write to
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A quiet, cozy little house by the sea. Now open. Private baths. Booklet. 24th season.

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Why not write for booklet describing one of the most attractive camps in the foothills of White Mountains?
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The hotel you have been looking for which offers rest, comfortable appointments, thoughtful cuisine. In the heart of theatre and shopping center, just off Fifth Ave. Moderate. Further details, rates, booklets, direct, or Outlook Travel Bureau.

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ROOMS WITH BATH	Evening Dinner and
Single—$3-$3.50-$4	Sunday noon . $1.00
Double—$5-$6-$7	Luncheon . . .50

Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room
For comfort, for convenience to all parts of the metropolis, for its famous dining service come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home."

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
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Situated in a quiet and desirable neighborhood, convenient to theatre and shopping districts. Large and comfortable rooms. Restaurant à la carte. Rates and booklet on application.

New York

Interbrook Lodge AND COTTAGES
KEENE VALLEY, N. Y.
Located on hill in spruces and pines, 1,500 ft. elevation, one mile from and 500 ft. above village on trail to Mt. Marcy. Dancing, tennis, bathing, fishing, mountain climbing. Golf course 4 miles. Best moderate-priced hotel in mountains. Fresh vegetables. State certified Ayrshire herd. Write for booklet.
B. O. TRYON & SON.

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Ave., **Buffalo, N.Y.** Superior accommodations; famous for good food. Write direct or Outlook's Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

Washington

The **CAMLIN**, Seattle's most distinguished hotel. Smartly correct in guest facilities and service at sensibly moderate rates. Illus. brochure on request. H. L. BLANCHER, Mgr.

Real Estate

Connecticut

For sale Colonial homestead, 5 acres, Meriden, Conn. 14 rooms, 5 fireplaces, barn, garage. High elevation surrounded by mountains and lake. Bungalow sites. Over 1,000 ft. road frontage. Abundant shade, fruit. Good road.
Nellie F. Nagel, 78 Pleasant St., Meriden, Conn.

Massachusetts

180 Acres 11-room furnished house, barn, beautiful view, 2 trout brooks, high elevation; summer home district. William Gagnon, Worthington, Mass.

Up in this charming New Hampshire town ON a little hill right in the town of Milford is a handsome home with white colonial pillars, shade trees all around, plenty of land, and a cool breeze always blowing. Built in 1847 and occupied by three generations of the owner's family. 2 large living-rooms, dining-room, study, and kitchen downstairs. Upstairs 4 large and 1 small bedchambers and a sewing-room. Finished space on the third floor. All in excellent condition. Recently papered—with hardwood floors in all important rooms. An ideal retreat for minister, teacher or professional writer—some one wishing to retire to a delightful location for recreation, rest, health, or creative work such as writing or studying. Very reasonable terms. No brokers. Address
L. W. TUTTLE, 93 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

New York

FOR SALE—Water-Front Home
1½ acres. 12-room house, furnished, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths; trees, shrubbery, asparagus; boathouse, servants' cottage; bargain.
Harold Abrahall, East Moriches, L. I., N. Y.

A Mart of the Unusual

C-FAR FIELD GLASSES, $2
Consists of two rimmed lenses in neat leather case, slips into vest pocket, weighs only 1¼ ounces. Gives 6 diameters magnification. Money back if not satisfied. Send $2 today to BUFFALO OPTICAL CO., Dept. TO-1, 574 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Harris Tweed Direct from makers. Ideal sporting material. Any length cut.
Samples free. Newall, 127 Stornoway, Scotland

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer. Troy, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—Instruction

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work, quick advancement. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite AY-5842, Washington, D. C.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—A trained community center or social worker for rural community work in southern Vermont. Must have enthusiasm and like country life. Good salary to right person. Address Miss Bertha Estey, Putney, Vt.

WANTED—Household assistant, education and refinement, more necessary than experience. 8654 Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

GENIAL COMPANION, wide experience as capable assistant; refined country home. Full particulars required. Available September. 8,650 Outlook.

REFINED gentlewoman, middle age would like position in private family as housekeeper, with care of motherless children. 8,647 Outlook.

POSITION as housekeeper by middle aged refined Christian woman with nursing experience, capable of taking full charge, for elderly couple or Christian gentleman. References exchanged. 8653 Outlook.

WANTED—A lady living eight months of the year on a country estate near New York is seeking a trained SECRETARY HOUSEKEEPER, who has had long experience in catering and managing for a large household. Position resident in the country, non resident in the city. Best of references, essentional. Reply by letter to BOX 505, Darien, Conn.

DIETITIAN—Housekeeper of experience wishes position September 1 in private school or women's club. References. 8,635, Outlook.

REFINED, educated woman desires position as private secretary, companion, or home supervisor. References. 8,625, Outlook.

SOCIAL worker with special training in institutional management wishes position as superintendent of children's home. Available September 15. 8,646, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse, 40, desires position as housemother or nurse in school or college. Unencumbered, go anywhere. References exchanged. 8,641, Outlook.

TUTORS, companions, managing housekeepers, nursemaids, governess, hostess. Holmes Employment, Providence, R. I.

WANTED, about October 1, by graduate nurse, an executive position in institution for children, babies preferred. Vicinity of New York or New England. 8,645, Outlook.

WOMAN of refinement and education would fill the position of hostess, house-mother, school or institution, graduate nurse, graduated hotel training—Highest credentials. 8,651 Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN—desires position, companion or hostess—create smart, homelike atmosphere, superior references. 8,649 Outlook.

REFINED—Protestant young woman desires some occupation, in resident school preferred, chaperon, house mother, or assistant, energetic, capable, references. 8657, Outlook.

GOVERNESS mother's assistant or care motherless children, educated experienced woman. 8658 Outlook.

NURSE for invalid, experienced, refined, excellent reference. 8656 Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, widow, desires position as housekeeper, companion, experience in oversight of grown children, or widowers home. 8659 Outlook.

REFINED middle aged gentlewoman—desires position as resident manager or traveling companion. References exchanged. 8,648 Outlook.

WANTED—By a Christian woman of refinement a position for the winter months, has had many years experience as a social welfare worker, principally with girls would not object to travel or foreign residence would also consider institutional or hostess position references exchanged. Address, J. V. E. Roslyn, N. Y.

REAL ESTATE

STATE road, 9-room house and basement, electric light heater, lot. Ella Palmer, New Baltimore, Greene Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE—27,000 acres cut over land, three farms, Rio Grande Valley acreage, lake and summer resort property. Write H. M. Fellenz, Fond du Lac, Wis.

WELL WORTH INVESTIGATING! 190 acre farm on state road near city—Fine Buildings all improvements. 35 tested cows; $700.00 milk check. Complete equipment tools; crops; team. All for $18,000.00. $7000.00 down. Theo Fuller, Unadilla, N. Y.

AUCTION: 60 acre Fox Ranch, 25 pens, 12 pr. registered Black Silver Foxes, proven breeders, all equipment, 5 room house. Write for circulars. Summer Resort property: on Big lake, Three Lakes, Wis. 15 acres of land. 3 cottages, boats, motors, completely furnished. Write for circular. Blake Realty, 385 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

SUMMER CAMP, MOOSEHEAD LAKE, MAINE.—Remarkable opportunity to secure best camp site on upper Moosehead Lake. About thirty acres of land with private harbor, wooded; flowing spring water piped to camp site; hundred-foot steamer wharf; boathouse camp 33x20; room for two power boats; one small and two large chambers; four twin beds; cooking range and dining equipment. Wooded high point projects into lake. Trout and salmon fishing, deer and partridge. Golf at Kineo. Land, camp, wharf, furnishings, to close promptly, $8000, one thousand dollars down, balance mortgage. Through Pullmans to lake, or auto to lake for inspection. For full description address F. S. Snyder, 53 Blackstone Street, Boston, Mass., telephone Richmond 3000.

FOR SALE—7 room house on Johns Bay. Opposite Fort Pemaquid, modern improvements, garden, out side servant's quarters wonderful view. George Rowland, Rowland Cave, Bristol, Me.

FLORENCE. 52 Via della Robbia. Mrs. Steven, nee Notarbartolo, keeps home finishing school for girls. Inclusive terms for travels, theatres and concerts. Term begins 1st October. References given and required. Prospectuses on application.

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REAL ESTATE

GUILFORD—Ninety miles from New York City on Post Road. Many good farms and summer places for sale. Write Eliot W. Stone, Realtor, Guilford, Conn.

FOR SALE—Cottage in Southwest Harbor, Maine. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, livnig room with fire place, dining room, kitchen and laundry, water view, near hotel. Apply, Mrs. George M. Lamb, Dirigo Hotel, SOUTHWEST HARBOR, Maine.

NEAR SARATOGA, 24-room inn, tea room, cottages, farm; wonderful bargain. Odell, 616 Grand St., Troy, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a *nine months* nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

APPARTMENTS

FOR RENT. Furnished apartment, 2 rooms, back in charming old-fashioned remodeled house owned and occupied by Clergyman's family. On large garden development, south of Washington Square. Tea room on garden where meals are served. Near subways. 6th Avenue, elevated and 5th Avenue bus line. Lease one year or longer from October 1, 1928. References required. Address 379 Outlook.

Loud Speaker

(Continued from page 676)

allowance for his time, far below the best factory-built article. All the arts of mass production have not yet achieved in the radio field what one painstaking amateur can achieve unaided by assembly belts, time-clocks, conferences, and no-par-value stock. By way of contrast, imagine trying to beat mass production by assembling one's own automobile!

FINALLY, a very serious situation develops by virtue of the overcrowded ether. This congestion is not only reducing the consumer's pleasure, but costing him an unconscionable amount of money. There are upwards of 700 stations broadcasting in the United States at the present time, forever spilling over one another's channels. Competent engineers have decreed that for good reception, not over three hundred should be operating. It is estimated that this aerial jam puts a tax of fifty per cent upon both the first cost and the operating costs of sets, as well as forcing set design in the direction of an unreasonable accent on selectivity rather than upon tone quality. Three otherwise useless tubes are needed when the ether channels are crowded, more battery power is required, as well as more complicated and expensive mechanisms. Thus the emphasis has been shifted from getting more faithful reproduction of broadcast sounds, to getting and holding any sort of tolerable reproduction at all.

A year or two ago one of the large manufacturers produced a set of really superior tone quality. What happened? High-pitched heterodyne whistles due to interference of the close-packed carrier waves, and audible though adequate reception of both low and high frequencies, ruined its performance. (Too many stations provide possibly the greatest single factor of disturbances.) The more perfect the set, the more sound frequencies it reproduces. The purchasers of these really good sets were dissatisfied, and returned them in great numbers. Whereupon the manufacturer *mutilated* the whole output; made its tone quality deliberately worse. After which the sets stayed sold! The tone quality came down to the normal performance of the Jones's set, with much less of the essential frequency range that lends depth and timbre to music. The Joneses have received their tonal education from the thin and colorless reproduction of the average phonograph.

THE margin for improvement in the field of radio reception is very great. A considerable fraction of that improvement hangs on the elimination of over half the broadcasting stations now on the air and a suitable spacing of those that remain. But the greatest evil in the industry at the present time is the side-show method of salesmanship and the jerry-building which it engenders. All the less desirable tactics of advertising and merchandising are in full possession of the scene—overstatement, blue sky claims, the playing up of minor virtues to cover defects in major ones, quack devices, "selling the package" (*i. e.*, the cabinet work), annual models, paid propaganda masquerading as news in nearly every radio paper, fake certifications by laboratories, fantastic word pictures, pseudo-science, and a generous measure of unvarnished fraud and down-right lying.

Meanwhile consumers, except the few who know their way about, do not secure nearly as good equipment as the technical art is capable of affording, and for the inferior product they have to pay an enormous load of overhead costs working out to a sale price which is probably five to ten times the cost of manufacture. Faithful reproduction—the quality that should have the preponderant appeal to persons of taste and musical discrimination—is sacrificed for selectivity, and for various knobs, gadgets, stunts, and tricks of design.

We must remember, of course, that much of this is due to the growing pains of an infant industry. With maturity one can only hope for honest laboratories and information stations that will connect the consumer directly with the radio scientist; that will report tangible measurements of performance, and so provide the buyer with the accredited knowledge to liquidate the charms of the sorcerers.

The soundest advice now to be had by the newcomer into the radio field is that given by a good amateur who has read widely in the scientific publications, has built a few sets of his own, and has, by trial and error, learned caution and discrimination. Such scientific amateurs are not living on every street, but if you can find one, he knows more, and can tell you more, than any dealer or any manufacturer. Furthermore, between such amateurs flows an underground stream of reasonably reliable and up-to-date information concerning the whole art. For the present, you cannot do better than to tap that stream.

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